A

DIARY IN AMERICA,

WITH

REMARKS ON ITS INSTITUTIONS.

BY

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"FRANK MILDMAY," &c.

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DIARY IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

WASHINGTON. — Here are assembled from every State in the Union, what ought to be the collected talent, intelligence, and high principle of a free and enlightened nation. Of talent and intelligence there is a very fair supply, but principle is not so much in demand; and in everything, and everywhere, by the demand the supply is always regulated.

Everybody knows that Washington has a Capitol; but the misfortune is that the Capitol wants a city. There it stands, reminding you of a general without an army, only surrounded

and followed by a parcel of ragged little dirty boys; for such is the appearance of the dirty, straggling, ill-built houses which lie at the foot of it.

Washington, notwithstanding, is an agreeable city, full of pleasant clever people, who come there to amuse and be amused; and you observe in the company (although you occasionally meet some very queer importations from the Western settlements) much more *usage du monde* and continental ease than in any other parts of the State. A large portion of those who come up for the meeting of Congress, as well as of the residents, having travelled, and thereby gained more respect for other nations, are consequently not so conceited about their own country as are the majority of the Americans.

If any thing were required to make Washington a more agreeable place than it is at all times, the arrival and subsequent conduct of Mr. Fox as British ambassador would be sufficient. His marked attention to all the Americans of re-

spectability; his *empressement* in returning the calls of English gentlemen who may happen to arrive; his open house; his munificent allowance, dedicated wholly to the giving of fêtes and dinner parties as his Sovereign's representative; and, above all, his excessive urbanity, can never be forgotten by those who have ever visited the Capitol.

The Chamber of the House of Representatives is a fine room, and taking the average of the orations delivered there, it possesses this one great merit—you *cannot hear in it*. Were I to make a comparison between the members of our House of Commons and those of the House of Representatives, I should say that the latter have certainly great advantages. In the first place, the members of the American Senate and House of Representatives are paid, not only their travelling expenses to and fro, but eight dollars a day during the sitting of Congress. Out of these allowances many save money, and those who do not, are at all events enabled to bring their

families up to Washington for a little amusement. In the next place, they are so comfortably accommodated in the house, every man having his own well-stuffed arm-chair, and before him his desk, with his papers and notes! Then they are supplied with everything, even to penknives with their names engraved on them—each knife having two pen-blades, one whittling blade, and a fourth to clean their nails with, shewing, on the part of the government, a paternal regard for their cleanliness as well as convenience. Moreover, they never work at night, and do very little during the day.

It is astonishing how little work they get through in a session at Washington: this is owing to every member thinking himself obliged to make two or three speeches, not for the good of the nation, but for the benefit of his constituents. These speeches are printed and sent to them, to prove that their member makes some noise in the house. The subject upon which he speaks is of little consequence, compared to the

sentiments expressed. It must be full of eagles, star-spangled banners, sovereign people, claptrap, flattery, and humbug. I have said that very little business is done in these houses; but this is caused not only by their long-winded speeches about nothing, but by the fact that both parties (in this respect laudably following the example of the old country) are chiefly occupied, the one with the paramount and vital consideration of keeping in, and the other with that of getting in,—thus allowing the business of the nation, (which after all is not very important, unless such a trump as the Treasury Bill turns up,) to become a very secondary consideration.

And yet there are principle and patriotism among the members of the legislature, and the more to be appreciated from their rarity. Like the seeds of beautiful flowers, which, when cast upon a manure-heap, spring up in greater luxuriance and beauty, and yield a sweeter perfume from the rankness which surrounds them, so do these

virtues shew with more grace and attractiveness from the hot-bed of corruption in which they have been engendered. But there has been a sad falling-off in America since the last war, which brought in the democratic party with General Jackson. America, if she would wish her present institutions to continue, must avoid war; the best security for her present form of government existing another half century, is a state of tranquillity and peace; but of that hereafter. As for the party at present in power, all I can say in its favour is, that there are three clever gentlemen in it—Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Poinsett, and Mr. Forsyth. There may be more, but I know so little of them, that I must be excused if I do not name them, which otherwise I should have had great pleasure in doing.

Mr. Van Buren is a very gentleman-like, intelligent man; very proud of talking over his visit to England, and the English with whom he was acquainted. It is remarkable, that although at the head of the democratic party,

Mr. Van Buren has taken a step striking at the very roots of their boasted equality, and one on which General Jackson did not venture—*i. e.* he has prevented the mobocracy from intruding themselves at his levees. The police are now stationed at the door, to prevent the intrusion of any improper person. A few years ago, a fellow would drive his cart, or hackney coach, up to the door; walk into the saloon in all his dirt, and force his way to the president, that he might shake him by the one hand, whilst he flourished his whip in the other. The revolting scenes which took place when refreshments were handed round, the injury done to the furniture, and the disgust of the ladies, may be well imagined. Mr. Van Buren deserves great credit for this step, for it was a bold one; but I must not praise him too much, or he may lose his next election.

The best lounge at Washington is the library of the Capitol, but the books are certainly not very well treated. I saw a copy of Audubon's Orni-

thology, and many other valuable works, in a very dilapidated state; but this must be the case when the library is open to all, and there are so many juvenile visitors. Still it is much better than locking it up, for only the bindings to be looked at. It is not a library for show, but for use, and is a great comfort and amusement.

There are three things in great request amongst Americans of all classes,—male, I mean,—to wit, oysters, spirits, and tobacco. The first and third are not prohibited by Act of Congress, and may be sold in the Capitol, but spirituous liquors may not. I wondered how the members could get on without them, but upon this point I was soon enlightened. Below the basement of the building is an oyster-shop and refectory. The refectory has been permitted by Congress upon the express stipulation that no spirituous liquors should be sold there, but law-makers are too often law-breakers all over the world. You go there and ask for pale sherry, and they hand

you gin; brown sherry, and it is brandy; madeira, whisky; and thus do these potent, grave, and reverend signors evade their own laws, beneath the very hall wherein they were passed in solemn conclave.

It appears that tobacco is considered very properly as an article of fashion. At a store, close to the hotel, the board outside informs you that among fashionable requisites to be found there, are gentlemen's shirts, collars, gloves, silk-handkerchiefs, and the best chewing-tobacco. But not only at Washington, but at other large towns, I have seen at silk-mercers and hosiers this notice stuck up in the window—"*Dulcissimus* chewing-tobacco."—So prevalent is the habit of chewing, and so little, from long custom, do the ladies care about it, that I have been told that many young ladies in the South carry, in their work-boxes, &c., pig-tail, nicely ornamented with gold and coloured papers; and when their swains are at fault administer to their wants, thus meriting their affections by such endearing solicitude.

I was rather amused in the Senate at hearing the claims of parties who had suffered during the last war, and had hitherto not received any redress, discussed for adjudication. One man's claim, for instance, was for a cow, value thirty dollars, eaten up, of course, by the Britishers. It would naturally be supposed that such claims were unworthy the attention of such a body as the Senate, or, when brought forward, would have been allowed without comment: but it was not so. The member who saves the public money always finds favour in the eyes of the people, and therefore every member tries to save as much as he can, except when he is himself a party concerned. And there was as much arguing and objecting, and discussion of the merits of this man's claim, as there would be in the English House of Commons at passing the Navy Estimates. Eventually he lost it. The claims of the Fulton family were also brought forward, when I was present, in the House of Representatives. Fulton was certainly the father of steam-navigation in Ame-

rica, and to his exertions and intelligence America may consider herself in a great degree indebted for her present prosperity. It once required six or seven months to ascend the Missisippi, a passage which is now performed in fifteen days. Had it not been for Fulton's genius, the West would still have remained a wild desert, and the now flourishing cotton-growing States would not yet have yielded the crops which are the staple of the Union. The claim of his surviving relatives was a mere nothing, in comparison with the debt of gratitude owing to that great man: yet member after member rose to oppose it with all the ingenuity of argument. One asserted that the merit of the invention did not belong to Fulton; another, that even if it did, his relatives certainly could found no claim upon it; a third rose and declared that he would prove that, so far from the government owing money to Fulton, Fulton was in debt to the government. And thus did they go on, showing to their constituents how great was their consideration for the public money, and to

the world (if another proof were required) how little gratitude is to be found in a democracy. The bill was thrown out, and the race of Fultons left to the chance of starving, for anything that the American nation seemed to care to the contrary. Whitney, the inventor of the gin for clearing the cotton of its seeds (perhaps the next greatest boon ever given to America), was treated in the same way. And yet, on talking over the question, there were few of the members who did not individually acknowledge the justice of their claims, and the duty of the State to attend to them: but the *majority* would not have permitted it, and when they went back to their constituents to be re-elected, it would have been urged against them that they had voted away the public money, and they would have had the difficult task of proving that the interests of the *majority*, and of the majority alone, had regulated their conduct in Congress.

There was one event of exciting interest which occurred during my short stay at Washington, and which engrossed the minds of every indivi-

dual: the fatal duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley. Not only the duel itself, but what took place after it, was to me, as a stranger, a subject for grave reflection.

Notice of Mr. Cilley's decease having been formally given to the House, it adjourned for a day or two, as a mark of respect, and a day was appointed for the funeral.

The coffin containing the body was brought into the House of Representatives, and there lay in state, as it were. The members of Senate and the Supreme Court were summoned to attend, whilst an eulogium was passed on the merits and virtues of the deceased by the surviving representative of the State of Maine: the funeral sermon was delivered by one clergyman, and an exhortation by another, after which the coffin was carried out to be placed in the hearse. The following printed order of the procession was distributed, that it might be rigidly attended to by the members of the two Houses and the Supreme Court:—

Order of Arrangements
for the Funeral of
THE HON. JONATHAN CILLEY,
Late a Representative in Congress, from the State of Maine.

The Committee of Arrangement, Pall-bearers, and Mourners, will attend at the late residence of the deceased, at Mr. Birth's, in Third-street, at 11 o'clock A.M., Tuesday, February 27th; at which time the remains will be removed, in charge of the Committee of Arrangements, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, to the hall of the House.

At 12 o'clock, meridian, funeral service will be performed in the hall of the House of Representatives, and immediately after the procession will move to the place of interment in the following order:—

The Chaplains of both Houses.
Committee of Arrangement, *viz.*
Mr. Evans, of Maine.

Mr. Atherton, of N. H.	Mr. Coles, of Va.
Mr. Connor, of N. C.	Mr. Johnson, of La.
Mr. Whittlesey, of Ohio.	Mr. Fillmore, of N. Y.

Pall-bearers, viz.:

Mr. Thomas, of Maryland.	Mr. Campbell, of S. C.
Mr. Williams, of N. H.	Mr. White, of Indiana.
Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania.	Mr. Martin, of Ala.

The Family and Friends of the deceased.
The Members of the House of Representatives, and Senators from Maine, as Mourners.

The Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives.
The House of Representatives, preceded by their Speaker and Clerk.
The Serjeant-at-Arms of the Senate.
The Senate of the United States, preceded by the Vice President and their Secretary.
The President of the United States.
The Heads of Departments.
Judges of the Supreme Court, and its Officers.
Foreign Ministers.
Citizens and Strangers.

February, 26th, 1838.

The burial-ground being at some distance, carriages were provided for the whole of the company, and the procession even then was more than half a mile long. I walked there to witness the whole proceeding; but when the body had been deposited in the vault I found, on my return, a vacant seat in one of the carriages, in which were two Americans, who went under the head of "Citizens." They were very much inclined to be communicative. One of them observed of the clergyman, who, in his exhortation, had expressed himself very forcibly against the practice of duelling:—

"Well, I reckon that chaplain won't be 'lected next year, and sarve him right too; he did pitch it in rather too strong for the members; that last flourish of his was enough to raise all their danders."

To the other, who was a more staid sort of personage, I put the question, how long did he think this tragical event, and the severe observations on duelling, would stop the practice.

"Well, I reckon three days, or thereabouts," replied the man.

I am afraid that the man was not far out in his calculation. Virginia, Missisippi, Louisiana, and now Congress, as respects the district of Columbia, in which Washington is built, have all passed severe laws against the practice of duelling, which is universal; but they are no more than dead letters. The spirit of their institutions is adverse to such laws; and duelling always has been, and always will be, one of the evils of democracy. I have, I believe, before observed, that in many points a young nation is,

in all its faults, very like to a young individual; and this is one in which the comparison holds good. But there are other causes for, and other incentives to this practice, besides the false idea that it is a proof of courage. Slander and detraction are the inseparable evils of a democracy; and as neither public nor private characters are spared, and the law is impotent to protect them, men have no other resource than to defend their reputations with their lives, or to deter the defamer by the risk which he must incur.

And where political animosities are carried to such a length as they are in this exciting climate, there is no time given for coolness and reflection. Indeed, for one American who would attempt to prevent a duel, there are ten who would urge the parties on to the conflict. I recollect a gentleman introducing me to the son of another gentleman who was present. The lad, who was about fourteen, I should think, shortly after left the room; and then the gentleman told me, before the boy's father,

that the lad was one of the right sort, having already fought, and wounded his man; and the father smiled complacently at this tribute to the character of his son. The majority of the editors of the newspapers in America are constantly practising with the pistol, that they may be ready when called upon, and are most of them very good shots. In fact, they could not well refuse to fight, being all of them colonels, majors, or generals,—"*tam Marte quam Mercurio.*" But the worst feature in the American system of duelling is, that they do not go out, as we do in this country, to satisfy honour, but with the determination to kill. Independently of general practice, immediately after a challenge has been given and received, each party practises as much as he can.

And now let us examine into the particulars of this duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley. It was well known that Mr. Graves had hardly ever fired a rifle in his life. Mr. Cilley, on the contrary, was an excellent rifle-shot, constantly

in practice: it was well known, also, that he intended to fix a quarrel upon one of the southern members, as he had publicly said he would. He brought his rifle down to Washington with him; he practised with it almost every day, and more regularly so after he had sent the challenge, and it had been accepted. It so happened that, contrary to the expectation of all parties, Mr. Cilley, instead of Mr. Graves, was the party who fell: but surely, if ever there was a man who *premeditated murder*, it was Mr. Cilley. I state this, not with the wish to assail Mr. Cilley's character, as I believe that almost any other American would have done the same thing; for whatever license society will give, that will every man take,—and moreover, from habit, will not consider it as wrong.

But my reason for pointing out all this is to show that society must be in a very loose state, and the standard of morality must be indeed low in a nation, when a man who has fallen in such a manner,—a man who, had he killed Mr. Graves,

would, according to the laws of our country, have been condemned and executed for murder, (inasmuch as, from his practising after the challenge was given, it would have proved *malice prepense*, on his part) should now, because he falls in the attempt, have *honours paid to his remains*, much *greater* than we paid to those of *Nelson*, when he fell so nobly in his country's cause. The chief magistrate of England, which is the king, did not follow Nelson to the grave; while the chief magistrate of the United States (attended by the Supreme Court and judges, the Senate, the representatives,) does honour to the remains of one who, if Providence had not checked him in his career, would have been considered as a cold-blooded murderer.

And yet the Americans are continually dinning into my ears—Captain Marryat, we are a very moral people! Again, I repeat, the Americans are the happiest people in the world in their own delusions. If they wish to be a moral people, the government must show them some

better example than that of paying those honours to vice and immorality which are only due to honour and to virtue.

Legislation on Duelling.—The legislature of Mississippi has prohibited duelling, and the parties implicated, in any instance, are declared to be ineligible to office. The act also imposes a fine of not less than three hundred dollars, and not more than one thousand, and an imprisonment of not less than six months; and in case of the death of one of the parties, the survivor is to be held chargeable with the payment of the debts of his antagonist. The estate of the party who falls in the combat is to be exonerated from such debts until the surviving party be first prosecuted to insolvency. The seconds are made subject to incapacity to hold office, fine, and imprisonment.

ANTI-DUELLING BILL.

The bill, as it passed the senate, is in the following words :—

A BILL to prohibit the giving or accepting, within the District of Columbia, of a Challenge to fight a Duel, and for the punishment thereof.

Be it enacted by Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That if any person shall, in the district of Columbia, challenge another to fight a duel, or shall send or de-

liver any written or verbal message purporting or intending to be such challenge, or shall accept any such challenge or message, or shall knowingly carry or deliver any such challenge or message, or shall knowingly carry or deliver an acceptance of such challenge or message to fight a duel in or out of said district, and such duel shall be fought in or out of said district; and if either of the parties thereto shall be slain or mortally wounded in such duel, the surviving party to such duel, and every person carrying or delivering such challenge or message, or acceptance of such challenge or message as aforesaid, and all others aiding and abetting therein, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and upon conviction thereof, in any court competent to the trial thereof, in the said district, shall be punished by imprisonment and confinement to hard labour in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding ten years, nor less than five years, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, that if any person shall give or send, or cause to be given or sent, to any person in the district of Columbia, any challenge to fight a duel, or to engage in single combat with any deadly or dangerous instrument or weapon whatever, or shall be the bearer of any such challenge, every person so giving or sending, or causing to be given or sent, or accepting such challenge, or being the bearer thereof, and every person aiding or abetting in the giving, sending, or accepting such challenge, shall be deemed guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof in any court competent to try the same, in the said district, shall be punished by impri-

sonment and confinement to hard labour in the penitentiary, for a term not exceeding ten years, nor less than five years, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, that if any person shall assault, strike, beat, or wound, or cause to be assaulted, stricken, beaten, or wounded, any person in the district of Columbia for declining or refusing to accept any challenge to fight a duel, or to engage in single combat with any deadly or dangerous instrument or weapon whatever, or shall post or publish, or cause to be posted or published, any writing charging any such person so declining or refusing to accept any such challenge to be a coward, or using any other opprobrious or injurious language therein, tending to deride and disgrace such person, for so offending, on conviction thereof in any court competent to trial thereof, in said district, shall be punished by confinement to hard labour in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding seven years, nor less than three years, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, that in addition to the oath now to be prescribed by law to be administered to the grand jury in the district of Columbia, they shall be sworn faithfully and impartially to inquire into, and true presentment make of, all offences against this act.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE been for some time journeying through the province of Upper Canada, and, on the whole, I consider it the finest portion of all North America. In America, every degree of longitude which you proceed west, is equal to a degree of latitude to the southward in increasing the mildness of the temperature. Upper Canada, which is not so far west as to sever you from the civilized world, has every possible advantage of navigation, and is at the same time, from being nearly surrounded by water, much milder than the American States to the southward of it. Every thing grows well and flourishes in Upper Canada; even tobacco, which requires a very warm atmosphere. The land of this province is excellent, but it is a hard land to clear, the timber being very close and of a

very large size. A certain proof of the value of the land of Upper Canada is, that there are already so many Americans who have settled there. Most of them had originally migrated to establish themselves in the neighbouring state of Michigan; but the greater part of that state is at present so unhealthy from swamps, and the people suffer so much from fever and agues, that the emigrants have fallen back upon Upper Canada, which (a very small portion of it excepted) is the most healthy portion of North America. I have before observed, that the Rideau and Welland canals, splendid works as they are, are too much in advance of the country; and had the Government spent one-half the money in opening communications and making good roads, the province would have been much more benefited. In the United States you have a singular proof of the advantages of communication: in the old continent, towns and villages rise up first, and the communications are made afterwards; in the United States, the

roads are made first, and when made, towns and villages make their appearance on each side of them, just as the birds drop down for their aliment upon the fresh furrows made across the fallow by the plough.

From Hamilton, on Lake Ontario, to Bradford, the country is very beautifully broken and undulating, occasionally precipitate and hilly. You pass through forests of splendid timber, chiefly fir, but of a size which is surprising. Here are masts for "tall admirals," so lofty that you could not well perceive a squirrel, or even a larger animal, if upon one of the topmost boughs. The pine forests are diversified by the oak; you sometimes pass through six or seven miles of the first description of timber, which gradually changes, until you have six or seven miles of forest composed entirely of oak. The road is repairing and levelling, preparatory to its being macadamised—certainly not before it was required, for it is at present execrable throughout the whole province. Every mile or

so you descend into a hollow, at the bottom of which is what they term a *mud hole*, that is, a certain quantity of water and mud, which is of a depth unknown, but which you must fathom by passing through it. To give an Englishman an idea of the roads is not easy; I can only say that it is very possible for a horse to be drowned in one of the *ruts*, and for a pair of them to disappear, waggon and all, in a *mud hole.*

At Bradford, on Grand River, are located some remnants of the Mohawk tribe of Indians; they are more than demi-civilized; they till their farms, and have plenty of horses and cattle. A smart looking Indian drove into town, when I was there, in a waggon with a pair of good horses; in the waggon were some daughters of one of their chiefs; they were very richly dressed after their own fashion, their petticoats and leggings being worked with beads to the height of two feet from the bottom, and in very good taste; and they wore beaver hats and

feathers, of a pattern which used formerly to be much in vogue with the ladies of the seamen at Plymouth and Portsmouth.

From Bradford to London the roads are *comparatively* good; the country rises, and the plain is nearly one hundred feet above the level of the river Thames, a beautiful wide stream, whose two branches join at the site of this town. The land here is considered to be the finest in the whole province, and the country the most healthy.

From London to Chatham the roads are really *awful.* I had the pleasure of tumbling over head and ears into a mud hole, at about twelve o'clock at night; the horses were with difficulty saved, and the waggon remained *fixed* for upwards of three hours, during which we laboured hard, and were refreshed with plentiful showers of rain.

Chatham, on the river Thames, is at present a sad dirty hole; but, as the country rises, will be a place of great importance. From Chatham

I embarked in the steam-boat, and went down the Thames into Lake St. Clair, and from thence to Sandwich, having passed through the finest country, the most beautiful land, and about the most infamous roads that are to be met with in all America.

Within these last seven or eight years the lakes have risen; many hypotheses have been offered to account for this change. I do not coincide with any of the opinions which I have heard, yet, at the same time, it is but fair to acknowledge that I can offer none of my own. It is quite a mystery. The consequence of this rising of the waters is, that some of the finest farms at the mouth of the river Thames and on Lake St. Clair, occupied by the old Canadian settlers, are, and have been for two or three years, under water. These Canadians have not removed; they are waiting for the waters to subside; their houses stand in the lake, the basements being under water, and they occupy the first floors with their families, communicating

by boats. As they cannot cultivate their land, they shoot and fish. Several miles on each side of the mouth of the river Thames the water is studded with these houses, which have, as may be supposed, a very forlorn appearance, especially as the top rail of the fences is generally above water, marking out the fields, which are now tenanted by fish instead of cattle.

Went out with a party into the bush, as it is termed, to see some land which had been purchased. Part of the road was up to the saddle-flaps under water, from the rise of the lakes. We soon entered the woods, not so thickly growing but that our horses could pass through them, had it not been for the obstacles below our feet. At every third step a tree lay across the path, forming, by its obstruction to the drainage, a pool of water; but the Canadian horses are so accustomed to this that they very coolly walked over them, although some were two feet in diameter. They never attempted to jump, but deliberately put one foot over and then the

other—with equal dexterity avoiding the stumps and sunken logs concealed under water. An English horse would have been foundered before he had proceeded fifty yards. Sometimes we would be for miles wading through swamps; at others the land rose, and then it was clear and dry, and we could gallop under the oak trees.

We continued till noon before we could arrive at the land in question, forcing our way through the woods, and guided by the blazing of the trees. *Blazing* is cutting off a portion of the bark of the trees on both sides of the road with an axe, and these marks, which will remain for many years, serve as a guide. If lost in the woods, you have but to look out for a blaze, and by following it you are certain to arrive at some inhabited place. We found the land at last, which was high, dry, and covered with large oak trees. A herd of deer bounded past us as we approached the river, which ran through it; and we could perceive the flocks of wild turkies at a distance, running almost as fast as the deer.

The river was choked by trees which had fallen across its bed, damming up its stream, and spreading it over the land; but the scene was very beautiful and wild, and I could not help fancying what a pretty spot it would one day be, when it should be cleared, and farm-houses built on the banks of the river.

On our way we called upon a man who had been in the bush but a year or so; he had a wife and six children. He was young and healthy, and although he had been used to a life of *literary* idleness, he had made up his mind to the change, and taken up the axe,—a thing very few people can do. I never saw a person apparently more cheerful and contented. He had already cleared away about fifteen acres, and had procured a summer crop from off a portion of it the year before, having no other assistance than his two boys, one thirteen and the other fourteen years old, healthy, but not powerfully-built lads. When we called upon him, he was busied in burning the felled timber, and planting

Indian corn. One of his boys was fencing-in the ground. I went with the man into his log-hut, which was large and convenient, and found his wife working at her needle, and three little girls all as busy as bees; the eldest of these girls was not twelve years old, yet she cooked, baked, washed, and, with the assistance of her two little sisters, did all that was required for the household. After a short repose, we went out again into the clearing, when one of my friends asked him how he got on with his axe? "Pretty well," replied he, laughing; "I'll shew you." He led us to where a button-wood tree was lying; the trunk was at least ninety feet long, and the diameter where it had been cut through between five and six feet; it was an enormous tree. "And did you cut that down yourself," enquired my companion, who was an old settler? "Not quite; but I cut through the north half while my two boys cut through the south; we did it between us." This was really astonishing, for if these two lads could cut through half the

tree, it is evident that they could have cut it down altogether. We had here a proof of how useful children can be made at an early age.

We promised to call upon him on our return; which we did. We found him sitting with his wife in his log-house; it was five o'clock in the afternoon; he told us "work was over now, and that the children had gone into the bush to play." They had all worked from five o'clock in the morning, and had since learnt their lessons. We heard their laughter ringing in the woods at a distance.

Now this is rather a remarkable instance among settlers, as I shall hereafter explain. Had this man been a bachelor, he would have been, in all probability, a drunkard; but, with his family, he was a happy, contented, and thriving man. We parted with him, and arrived at Windsor, opposite Detroit, very tired, having been, with little exception, fourteen hours in the saddle.

I took cold, and was laid up with a fever. I

mention this, not as any thing interesting to the reader, but merely to shew what you may expect when you travel in these countries. I had been in bed three days, when my landlady came into the room. "Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?"—"Oh, I am a little better, thank you," replied I.—"Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the coloured man stops to do it to-morrow, he'll be for charging us another quarter of a dollar."—"But I am not able to leave my room."—"Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes."

I have often remarked the strange effects of intoxication, and the different manner in which persons are affected by liquor. When I was on the road from London to Chatham, a man who was very much intoxicated got into the waggon, and sat beside me. As people in that state usually are, he was excessively familiar; and although jerked off with no small degree of

violence, would continue, until we arrived at the inn where we were to sup, to attempt to lay his head upon my shoulder.

As soon as we arrived supper was announced. At first he refused to take any, but on the artful landlady bawling in his ear that all *gentlemen* supped when they arrived, he hesitated to consider (which certainly was not at all necessary) whether he was not bound to take some. Another very important remark of the hostess, which was, that he would have nothing to eat until the next morning, it being then eleven o'clock at night, decided him, and he staggered in, observing,—"Nothing to eat till next morning! well, I never thought of that." He sat down opposite to me, at the same table. It appeared as if his *vision was inverted* by the quantity of liquor which he had taken; everything close to him on the table he considered to be out of his reach, whilst everything at a distance he attempted to lay hold of. He sat up as erect as he could, balancing himself so as not to appear *corned*, and

fixing his eyes upon me, said, "Sir, I'll trouble you—for some fried ham." Now the ham was in the dish next to him, and altogether out of my reach; I told him so. "Sir," said he again, "as a gentleman, I ask you to give me some of that fried ham." Amused with the curious demand, I rose from my chair, went round to him, and helped him. "Shall I give you a potato," said I—the potatoes being at my end of the table, and I not wishing to rise again. "No, Sir," replied he, "I can help myself to them." He made a dash at them, but did not reach them; then made another, and another, till he lost his balance, and lay down upon his plate; this time he gained the potatoes, helped himself, and commenced eating. After a few minutes he again fixed his eyes upon me. "Sir, I'll trouble you—for the pickles." They were actually under his nose, and I pointed them out to him. "I believe, Sir, I asked you for the pickles," repeated he, after a time. "Well, there they are," replied I, wishing to see what

he would do. "Sir, are you a gentleman —as a gentleman—I ask you as a gentleman, for them 'ere pickles." It was impossible to resist this appeal, so I rose and helped him. I was now convinced that his vision was somehow or another inverted, and to prove it, when he asked me for the salt, which was within his reach, I removed it farther off. "Thank ye, Sir," said he, sprawling over the table after it. The circumstance, absurd as it was, was really a subject for the investigation of Dr. Brewster.

At Windsor, which is directly opposite to Detroit, where the river is about half a mile across, are stores of English goods, sent there entirely for the supply of the Americans, by smugglers. There is also a row of tailors' shops, for cloth is a very dear article in America, and costs nearly double the price it does in the English provinces. The Americans go over there, and are measured for a suit of clothes; which, when ready, they put on, and cross back to Detroit with their old clothes in a bundle. The

smuggling is already very extensive, and will, of course, increase as the Western country becomes more populous.

Near Windsor and Sandwich are several villages of free blacks, probably the major portion of them having been assisted in their escape by the Abolitionists. They are not very good neighbours, from their propensity to thieving, which either is innate, or, as Miss Martineau would have it, is the effect of slavery. I shall not dispute that point; but it is certain that they are most inveterately hostile to the Americans, and will fight to the last, from the dread of being again subjected to their former masters. They are an excellent frontier population; and in the last troubles they proved how valuable they would become, in case their services were more seriously required.

CHAPTER III.

Once more on board of the Michigan, one of the best vessels on Lake Erie; as usual, full of emigrants, chiefly Irish. It is impossible not to feel compassion for these poor people, wearied as they are with confinement and suffering, and yet they do compose occasionally about as laughable a group as can well be conceived. In the first place, they bring out with them from Ireland articles which no other people would consider worth the carriage. I saw one Irish woman who had five old tin tea-pots; there was but one spout among the whole, and I believe not one bottom really sound and good. And then their costumes, more particularly the fitting out of the children, who are not troubled with any extra supply of clothes at any time! I have witnessed the seat of an old pair of corduroy trowsers transformed into a sort of bonnet for a laughing fair-

haired girl. But what amused me more was the very reverse of this arrangement: a boy's father had just put a patch upon the hinder part of his son's trowsers, and cloth not being at hand, he had, as an expedient for stopping the gap, inserted a piece of an old straw bonnet; in so doing he had not taken the precaution to put the smooth side of the plait inwards, and, in consequence, young Teddy when he first sat down felt rather uncomfortable. "What's the matter wid ye, Teddy; what makes ye wriggle about in that way? Sit aisy, man; sure enough, havn't ye a straw-bottomed chair to sit down upon all the rest of your journey, which is more than your father ever had before you?" And then their turning in for the night! A single bed will contain one adult and four little ones at one end, and another adult and two half-grown at the other. But they are all packed away so snug and close, and not one venturing to move, there appears to be room for all.

We stopped half an hour at Mackinaw

to take in wood, and then started for Green Bay, in the Wisconsin territory. Green Bay is a military station; it is a pretty little place, with soil as rich as garden mould. The Fox river debouches here, but the navigation is checked a few miles above the town by the rapids, which have been dammed up into a water-power; yet there is no doubt that as soon as the whole of the Wisconsin lands are offered for sale by the American Government, the river will be made navigable up to its meeting with the Wisconsin, which falls into the Mississippi. There is only a portage of a mile and a half between the two, through which a canal will be cut, and then there will be another junction between the lakes and the Far West. It was my original intention to have taken the usual route by Chicago and Galena to St. Louis, but I fell in with Major F——, with whom I had been previously acquainted, who informed me that he was about to send a detachment of troops from Green

Bay to Fort Winnebago, across the Wisconsin territory. As this afforded me an opportunity of seeing the country, which seldom occurs, I availed myself of an offer to join the party. The detachment consisted of about one hundred recruits, nearly the whole of them Canada patriots, as they are usually called, who, having failed in taking the provinces from John Bull, were fain to accept the shilling from uncle Sam.

Major F—— accompanied us to pay the troops at the fort, and we therefore had five waggons with us, loaded with a considerable quantity of bread and pork, and not quite so large a proportion of specie, the latter not having as yet become plentiful again in the United States. We set off, and marched fifteen miles in about half a day, passing through the settlement Des Pères, which is situated at the rapids of the Fox river. Formerly they were called the Rapids des Pères, from a Jesuit college which had been established there by the French. Our course lay along the banks of the Fox river, a beautiful swift stream

pouring down between high ridges, covered with fine oak timber.

The American Government have disposed of all the land on the banks of this river and the lake Winnebago, and consequently it is well settled; but the Winnebago territory in Wisconsin, lately purchased of the Winnebago Indians, and comprising all the prairie land and rich mineral country from Galena to Mineral Point, is not yet offered for sale: when it is, it will be eagerly purchased; and the American Government, as it only paid the Indians at the rate of one cent and a fraction per acre, will make an enormous profit by the speculation. Well may the Indians be said, like Esau, to part with their birthright for a mess of pottage; but, in truth, they are *compelled* to sell—the purchase-money being a mere subterfuge, by which it may *appear* as if their lands were not wrested from them, although, in fact, it is.

On the second day we continued our march along the banks of the Fox river, which, as we

advanced, continued to be well settled, and would have been more so, if some of the best land had not fallen, as usual, into the hands of speculators, who, aware of its value, hold out that they may obtain a high price for it. The country through which we passed was undulating, consisting of a succession of ridges, covered with oaks of a large size, but not growing close as in a forest; you could gallop your horse through any part of it. The tracks of deer were frequent, but we saw but one herd of fifteen, and that was at a distance. We now left the banks of the river, and cut across the country to Fond du Lac, at the bottom of Lake Winnebago, of which we had had already an occasional glimpse through the openings of the forest. The deer were too wild to allow of our getting near them; so I was obliged to content myself with shooting wood pigeons, which were very plentiful.

On the night of the third day we encamped upon a very high ridge, as usual studded with oak trees. The term used here to distinguish

this variety of timber land from the impervious woods is *oak openings*. I never saw a more beautiful view than that which was afforded us from our encampment. From the high ground upon which our tents were pitched, we looked down to the left, upon a prairie flat and level as a billiard-table, extending, as far as the eye could scan, one rich surface of unrivalled green. To the right the prairie gradually changed to oak openings, and then to a thick forest, the topmost boughs and heads of which were level with our tents. Beyond them was the whole broad expanse of the Winnebago lake, smooth and reflecting like a mirror the brilliant tints of the setting sun, which disappeared, leaving a portion of his glory behind him; while the moon in her ascent, with the dark portion of her disk as clearly defined as that which was lighted, gradually increased in brilliancy, and the stars twinkled in the clear sky. We watched the features of the landscape gradually fading from our sight, until nothing was left but broad

masses partially lighted up by the young moon.

Nor was the foreground less picturesque: the spreading oaks, the tents of the soldiers, the waggons drawn up with the horses tethered, all lighted up by the blaze of our large fires. Now, when I say our large fires, I mean the *large* fires of *America*, consisting of three or four oak trees, containing a load of wood each, besides many large boughs and branches, altogether forming a fire some twenty or thirty feet long, with flames flickering up twice as high as one's head. At a certain distance from this blazing pile you may perceive what in another situation would be considered as a large coffee-pot (before this huge fire it makes a very diminutive appearance). It is placed over some embers drawn out from the mass, which would have soon burnt up coffee-pot and coffee all together; and at a still more respectful distance you may perceive small rods, not above four or five feet long,

bifurcated at the smaller end, and fixed by the larger in the ground, so as to hang towards the huge fire, at an angle of forty degrees, like so many tiny fishing-rods. These rods have at their bifurcated ends a piece of pork or ham, or of bread, or perhaps of venison, for we bought some, not having shot any: they are all private property, as each party cooks for himself. Seeing these rods at some distance, you might almost imagine that they were the fishing-rods of little imps bobbing for salamanders in the fiery furnace.

In the mean time, while the meat is cooking and the coffee is boiling, the brandy and whisky are severely taxed, as we lie upon our cloaks and buffalo skins at the front of our tents. There certainly is a charm in this wild sort of life, which wins upon people the more they practise it; nor can it be wondered at: our wants are in reality so few and so easily satisfied, without the restraint of form and ceremony.

How often, in my wanderings, have I felt the truth of Shakspeare's lines in "As you Like It:"

> "Now, my co-mates and partners in exile,
> Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—
> The seasons' difference."

On the fourth day we descended, crossed the wide prairie, and arrived at the Fond du Lac, where we again fell in with the Fox river, which runs through the Winnebago lake. The roads through the forests had been very bad, and the men and horses shewed signs of fatigue; but we had now passed through all the thickly wooded country, and had entered into the prairie country, extending to Fort Winnebago, and which was beautiful beyond conception. Its features alone can be described; but its effects can only be felt by being seen. The prairies here are not very large, seldom being above six or seven miles in length or breadth; generally speaking, they lie in gentle undulating flats, and the ridges and

hills between them are composed of oak openings. To form an idea of these oak openings, imagine an inland country covered with splendid trees, about as thickly planted as in our English parks; in fact, it is English park scenery, Nature having here spontaneously produced what it has been the care and labour of centuries in our own country to effect. Sometimes the prairie will rise and extend along the hills, and assume an undulating appearance, like the long swell of the ocean; it is then called rolling prairie.

Often, when I looked down upon some fifteen or twenty thousand acres of these prairies, full of rich grass, without one animal, tame or wild, to be seen, I would fancy what thousands of cattle will, in a few years, be luxuriating in those pastures, which, since the herds of buffalo have retreated from them, are now useless, and throwing up each year a fresh crop, to seed and to die unheeded.

On our way we had fallen in with a young

Frenchman, who had purchased some land at Fond du Lac, and was proceeding there in company with an American, whom he had hired to settle on it. I now parted company with him; he had gone out with me in my shooting excursions, and talked of nothing but his purchase: it had water; it had a waterfall; it had, in fact, everything that he could desire; but he thought that, after two years, he would go home and get a wife: a Paradise without an Eve would be no Paradise at all.

The price of labour is, as may be supposed, very high in this part of the country. Hiring by the year, you find a man in food, board, and washing, and pay him three hundred dollars per annum (about £70 English).

The last night that we bivouacked out was the only unfortunate one. We had been all comfortably settled for the night, and fast asleep, when a sudden storm came on, accompanied with such torrents of rain as would have washed us out of our tents, if they had not been already blown

down by the violence of the gale. Had we had any warning, we should have provided against it; as it was, we made up huge fires, which defied the rain; and thus we remained till daylight, the rain pouring on us, while the heat of the fire drying us almost as fast as we got wet, each man threw up a column of steam from his still saturating and still heated garments. Every night we encamped where there was a run of water, and plenty of dead timber for our fires; and thus did we go on, emptying our waggons daily of the bread and pork, and filling up the vacancies left by the removal of the empty casks with the sick and lame, until at last we arrived at Fort Winnebago.

CHAPTER IV

We had not to arrive at the fort to receive a welcome, for when we were still distant about seven miles, the officers of the garrison, who had notice of our coming, made their appearance on horseback, bringing a handsome britchska and grey horses for our accommodation. Those who were not on duty (and I was one) accepted the invitation, and we drove in upon a road which, indeed, for the last thirty miles, had been as level as the best in England. The carriage was followed by pointers, hounds, and a variety of dogs, who were off duty like ourselves, and who appeared quite as much delighted with their run as we were tired with ours. The medical officer attached to the fort, an old friend and correspondent of Mr. Lee of Philadelphia, received me with all kindness, and

immediately installed me in one of the rooms in the hospital.

Fort Winnebago is situated between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers at the Portage, the two rivers being about a mile and a-half apart; the Fox river running east, and giving its water to Lake Michigan at Green Bay, while the Wisconsin turns to the west, and runs into the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. The fort is merely a square of barracks, connected together with palisades, to protect it from the Indians; and it is hardly sufficiently strong for even that purpose. It is beautifully situated, and when the country fills up will become a place of importance. Most of the officers are married, and live a very quiet, and secluded, but not unpleasant life. I stayed there two days, much pleased with the society and the kindness shewn to me; but an opportunity of descending the Wisconsin to Prairie du Chien, in a keel-boat, having presented itself, I availed myself of an invitation to join the party, instead of proceeding by

land to Galena, as had been my original intention.

The boat had been towed up the Wisconsin with a cargo of flour for the garrison; and a portion of the officers having been ordered down to Prairie du Chien, they had obtained this large boat to transport themselves, families, furniture, and horses, all at once, down to their destination. The boat was about one hundred and twenty feet long, covered in to the height of six feet above the gunnel, and very much in appearance like the Noah's Ark given to children, excepting that the roof was flat. It was an unwieldy craft, and, to manage it, it required at least twenty-five men with poles and long sweeps; but the army gentlemen had decided that, as we were to go down with the stream, six men with short oars would be sufficient—a very great mistake. In every other respect she was badly found, as we term it at sea, having but one old piece of rope to hang on with, and one axe. Our freight consisted of furniture

stowed forward and aft, with a horse and cow. In a cabin in the centre we had a lady and five children, one maid and two officers. Our crew was composed of six soldiers, a servant, and a French *half bred* to pilot us down the river. All Winnebago came out to see us start; and as soon as the rope was cast off, away we went down with the strong current, at the rate of five miles an hour. The river passed through forests of oak, the large limbs of which hung from fifteen to twenty feet over the banks on each side; sometimes whole trees lay prostrate in the stream, held by their roots still partially remaining in the ground, while their trunks and branches offering resistance to the swift current, created a succession of small masses of froth, which floated away on the dark green water.

We had not proceeded far, before we found that it was impossible to manage such a large and cumbrous vessel with our few hands; we were almost at the mercy of the current, which appeared to increase in rapidity every minute;

however, by exertion and good management, we contrived to keep in the middle of the stream, until the wind sprung up and drove us on to the southern bank of the river, and then all was cracking and tearing away of the wood-work, breaking of limbs from the projecting trees, snapping, cracking, screaming, hallooing, and confusion. As fast as we cleared ourselves of one tree, the current bore us down upon another; as soon as we were clear above water, we were foul and entangled below. It was a very pretty general average; but, what was worse than all, a snag had intercepted and unshipped our rudder, and we were floating away from it, as it still remained fixed upon the sunken tree. We had no boat with us, not even a *dug-out*—(a canoe made out of the trunk of a tree,)—so one of the men climbed on shore by the limbs of an oak, and went back to disengage it. He did so, but not being able to resist the force of the stream, down he and the rudder came together—his only chance of salva-

tion being that of our catching him as he came past us. This we fortunately succeeded in effecting; and then hanging on by our old piece of rope to the banks of the river, after an hour's delay we contrived to re-ship our rudder, and proceeded on our voyage, which was a continuation of the same eventful history. Every half hour we found ourselves wedged in between the spreading limbs of the oaks, and were obliged to have recourse to the axe to clear ourselves; and on every occasion we lost a further portion of the frame-work of our boat, either from the roof, the sides, or by the tearing away of the stancheons themselves.

A little before sunset, we were again swept on to the bank with such force as to draw the pintles of our rudder. This finished us for the day: before it could be replaced, it was time to make fast for the night; so there we lay, holding by our rotten piece of rope, which cracked and strained to such a degree, as inclined us to speculate upon where we might find

ourselves in the morning. However, we could not help ourselves, so we landed, made a large fire, and cooked our victuals; not, however, venturing to wander away far, on account of the rattle-snakes, which here abounded. Perhaps there is no portion of America in which the rattle-snakes are so large and so numerous as in Wisconsin. There are two varieties: the black rattle-snake, that frequents marshy spots, and renders it rather dangerous to shoot snipes and ducks; and the yellow, which takes up its abode in the rocks and dry places. Dr. F—— told me that he had killed, inside of the fort Winnebago, one of the latter species, between seven and eight feet long. The rattle-snake, although its poison is so fatal, is in fact not a very dangerous animal, and people are seldom bitten by it. This arises from two causes: first, that it invariably gives you notice of its presence by its rattle; and secondly, that it always coils itself up like a watch-spring before it strikes, and then darts

forward only about its own length. Where they are common, the people generally carry with them a vial of ammonia, which, if instantly applied to the bite, will at least prevent death. The copper-head is a snake of a much more dangerous nature, from its giving no warning, and its poison being equally active.

This river has been very appropriately named by the Indians the 'Stream of the Thousand Isles,' as it is studded with them; indeed, every quarter of a mile you find one or two in its channel. The scenery is fine, as the river runs through high ridges, covered with oak to their summits; sometimes these ridges are backed by higher cliffs and mountains, which half way up are of a verdant green, and above that present horizontal strata of calcareous rock of rich grey tints, having, at a distance, very much the appearance of the dilapidated castles on the Rhine.

The scenery, though not so grand as the high lands of the Hudson, is more diversified and beautiful. The river was very full, and the cur-

rent occasionally so rapid, as to leave a foam as it swept by any projecting point. We had, now that the river widened, sand-banks to contend with, which required all the exertions of our insufficient crew.

On the second morning, I was very much annoyed at our having left without providing ourselves with a boat, for at the grey of dawn, we discovered that some deer had taken the river close to us, and were in mid-stream. Had we had a boat, we might have procured a good supply of venison. We cast off again and resumed our voyage; and without any serious accident we arrived at the shot-tower, where we remained for the night. Finding a shot-tower in such a lone wilderness as this gives you some idea of the enterprize of the Americans; but the Galena, or lead district, commences here, on the south bank of the Wisconsin. The smelting is carried on about twelve miles inland, and the lead is brought here, made into shot, and

then sent down the river to the Mississippi, by which, and its tributary streams, it is supplied to all America, west of the Alleghanies. The people were all at work when we arrived. The general distress had even affected the demand for shot, which was now considerably reduced.

On the third day we had the good fortune to have no wind, and consequently made rapid progress, without much further damage. We passed a small settlement called the English prairie—for the prairies were now occasionally mixed up with the mountain scenery. Here there was a smelting-house and a steam saw-mill.

The *diggings*, as they term the places where the lead is found (for they do not mine, but dig down from the surface), were about sixteen miles distant. We continued our course for about twenty miles lower down, when we wound up our day's work by getting into a more serious *fix* among the trees, and eventually losing our only *axe*, which fell overboard into deep water. All Noah's Ark was in dismay, for we

did not know what might happen, or what the next day might bring forth. Fortunately, it was not requisite to cut wood for firing. During the whole of this trip I was much amused with our pilot, who, fully aware of the dangers of the river, was also equally conscious that there were not sufficient means on board to avoid them; when, therefore, we were set upon a sand-bank, or pressed by the wind on the sunken trees, he always whistled; that was all he could do, and in proportion as the danger became more imminent, so did he whistle the louder, until the affair was decided by a bump or a crash, and then he was silent.

On the ensuing day we had nothing but misfortunes. We were continually twisted and twirled about, sometimes with our bows, sometimes with our stern foremost, and as often with our broadside to the stream. We were whirled against one bank, and, as soon as we were clear of that we were thrown upon the other. Having no axe to cut away, we were obliged

to use our hands. Again our rudder was unshipped, and with great difficulty replaced. By this time we had lost nearly the half of the upper works of the boat, one portion after another having been torn off by the limbs of the trees as the impetuous current drove us along. To add to our difficulties, a strong wind rose against the current, and the boat became quite unmanageable. About noon, when we had gained only seven miles, the wind abated, and two Menonnomie Indians, in a *dug-out*, came alongside of us; and as it was doubtful whether we should arrive at the mouth of the river on that night, or be left upon a sand-bank, I got into the canoe with them, to go down to the landing-place, and from thence to cross over to Prairie du Chien, to inform the officers of the garrison of our condition, and obtain assistance. The canoe would exactly hold three, and no more; but we paddled swiftly down the stream, and we soon lost sight of the Noah's Ark. Independently of the canoe

being so small, she had lost a large portion of her stem, so that at the least ripple of the water she took it in, and threatened us with a swim; and she was so very narrow, that the least motion would have destroyed her equilibrium and upset her. One Indian sat in the bow, the other in the stern, whilst I was doubled up in the middle. We had given the Indians some bread and pork, and after paddling about half an hour, they stopped to eat. Now, the Indian at the bow had the pork, while the one at the stern had the bread; any attempt to move, so as to hand the eatables to each other, must have upset us; so this was their plan of communication:—The one in the bow cut off a slice of pork, and putting it into the lid of a saucepan which he had with him, and floating it alongside of the canoe, gave it a sufficient momentum to make it swim to the stern, when the other took possession of it. He in the stern then cut off a piece of bread, and sent it back in return by the same conveyance.

I had a flask of whisky, but they would not trust that by the same perilous little conveyance; so I had to lean forward very steadily, and hand it to the foremost, and, when he returned it to me, to lean backwards to give it the other, with whom it remained till we landed, for I could not regain it. After about an hour's more paddling, we arrived safely at the landing-place. I had some trouble to get a horse, and was obliged to go out to the fields where the men were ploughing. In doing so, I passed two or three very large snakes. At last I was mounted somehow, but without stirrups, and set off for Prairie du Chien. After riding about four miles, I had passed the mountains, and I suddenly came upon the beautiful prairie (on which were feeding several herd of cattle and horses), with the fort in the distance, and the wide waters of the Upper Mississippi flowing beyond it. I crossed the prairie, found my way into the fort, stated the situation of our party, and requested assistance. This was immediately dispatched,

but on their arrival at the landing-place, they found that the keel-boat had arrived at the ferry without further difficulty. Before sunset the carriages returned with the whole party, who were comfortably accommodated in the barracks —a sufficient number of men being left with the boat to bring it round to the Mississippi, a distance of about twelve miles.

CHAPTER V.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN is a beautiful meadow, about eight miles long by two broad, situated at the confluence of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi; it is backed with high bluffs, such as I have before described, verdant two-thirds of the way up, and crowned with rocky summits. The bluffs, as I must call them, for I know not what other name to give them, rise very abruptly, often in a sugar-loaf form, from the flat lands, and have a very striking appearance: as you look up to them, their peculiar formation and vivid green sides, contrasting with their blue and grey summits, give them the appearance of a succession of ramparts investing the prairie. The fort at the prairie, which is named Fort Crawford, is, like most other American outposts, a mere inclosure, intended to repel the attacks

of Indians; but it is large and commodious, and the quarters of the officers are excellent; it is, moreover, built of stone, which is not the case with Fort Winnebago or Fort Howard at Green Bay. The Upper Mississippi is here a beautiful clear blue stream, intersected with verdant islands, and very different in appearance from the Lower Mississippi, after it has been joined by the Missouri. The opposite shore is composed of high cliffs, covered with timber, which, not only in form, but in tint and colour, remind you very much of Glover's landscapes of the mountainous parts of Scotland and Wales.

I made one or two excursions to examine the ancient mounds which are scattered all over this district, and which have excited much speculation as to their origin; some supposing them to have been fortifications, others the burial-places of the Indians. That they have latterly been used by the Indians as burial-places there is no doubt; but I suspect they were not originally raised for that purpose. A Mr. Taylor has

written an article in one of the periodicals, stating his opinion that they were the burial-places of chiefs; and to prove it, he asserts that some of them are thrown up in imitation of the figure of the animal which was the heraldic distinction of the chief whose remains they contain, such as the beaver, elk, &c. He has given drawings of some of them. That the Indians have their heraldic distinctions, their *totems*, as they call them, I know to be a fact; as I have seen the fur-traders' books, containing the receipts of the chiefs, with their crests drawn by themselves, and very correctly too; but it required more imagination than I possess to make out the form of any animal in the mounds. I should rather suppose the mounds to be the remains of tenements, sometimes fortified, sometimes not, which were formerly built of mud or earth, as is still the custom in the northern portion of the Sioux country. Desertion and time have crumbled them into these mounds, which are generally to be found in a commanding situation, or in a

string, as if constructed for mutual defence. On Rock River there is a long line of wall, now below the surface, which extends for a considerable distance, and is supposed to be the remains of a city built by a former race, probably the Mexican, who long since retreated before the northern races of Indians. I cannot recollect the name which has been given to it. I had not time to visit this spot; but an officer showed me some pieces of what they called the brick which composes the wall. Brick it is not—no right angles have been discovered, so far as I could learn; it appears rather as if a wall had been raised of clay, and then exposed to the action of fire, as portions of it are strongly vitrified, and others are merely hard clay. But admitting my surmises to be correct, still there is evident proof that this country was formerly peopled by a nation whose habits were very different, and in all appearance more civilized, than those of the races which were found here; and this is all that can be satisfactorily sustained. As, however, it is well substantiated that a race similar to the Mexican

formerly existed on these prairie lands, the whole question may perhaps be solved by the following extract from Irving's Conquest of Florida:—

"The village of Onachili resembles most of the Indian villages of Florida. The natives always endeavoured to build upon high ground, or at least to erect the house of their cacique or chief upon an eminence. As the country was very level, and high places seldom to be found, they constructed artificial mounds of earth, capable of containing from ten to twenty houses; there resided the chief, his family, and attendants. At the foot of the hill was a square, according to the size of the village, round which were the houses of the leaders and most distinguished inhabitants."

I consider the Wisconsin territory as the finest portion of North America, not only from its soil, but its climate. The air is pure, and the winters, although severe, are dry and bracing; very different from, and more healthy than those of the Eastern States. At Prairie du Chien

every one dwelt upon the beauty of the winter, indeed they appeared to prefer it to the other seasons. The country is, as I have described it in my route from Green Bay, alternate prairie, oak openings, and forest; and the same may be said of the other side of the Mississippi, now distinguished as the district of Ioway. Limestone quarries abound; indeed, the whole of this beautiful and fertile region appears as if nature had so arranged it that man should have all difficulties cleared from before him, and have little to do but to take possession and enjoy. There is no clearing of timber requisite; on the contrary, you have just as much as you can desire, whether for use or ornament. Prairies of fine rich grass, upon which cattle fatten in three or four months, lay spread in every direction. The soil is so fertile that you have but to turn it up to make it yield grain to any extent; and the climate is healthy, at the same time that there is more than sufficient sun in the summer and autumn to bring every crop to perfection. Land carriage is hardly

required, from the numerous rivers and streams which pour their waters from every direction into the Upper Mississippi. Add to all this, that the Western lands possessan inexhaustible supply of minerals, only a few feet under the surface of their rich soil,—a singular and wonderful provision, as, in general, where minerals are found below, the soil above is usually arid and ungrateful. The mineral country is to the south of the Wisconsin river—at least nothing has at present been discovered north of it; but the northern part is still in the possession of the Winnebago Indians, who are waiting for the fulfilment of the treaty before they surrender it, and at present will permit no white settler to enter it. It is said that the other portions of the Wisconsin territory will come into the market this year; at present, with the exception of the Fox river and Winnebago Lake settlements, and that of Prairie du Chien, at the confluence of the two rivers Wisconsin and Mississippi, there is hardly a log-house in the whole district.

The greatest annoyance at present in this western country is the quantity and variety of snakes; it is hardly safe to land upon some parts of the Wisconsin river banks, and they certainly offer a great impediment to the excursions of the geologist and botanist; you are obliged to look right and left as you walk, and as for putting your hand into a hole, you would be almost certain to receive a very unwished-for and unpleasant shake to welcome you.

I ought here to explain an American law relative to what is termed squatting, that is, taking possession of land belonging to government and cultivating it: such was the custom of the back-woodsmen, and, for want of this law, it often happened that after they had cultivated a farm, the land would be applied for and purchased by some speculator, who would forcibly eject the occupant and take possession of the improved property. A back-woodsman was not to be trifled with, and the consequences very commonly were that the new proprietor was

found some fine morning with a rifle-bullet through his head. To prevent this unjust spoliation on the one part, and summary revenge on the other, a law has been passed, by which any person having taken possession of land belonging to the States Government shall, as soon as the lands have been surveyed and come into the market, have the right of purchasing the quarter section, or one hundred and sixty acres round him. Many thousands are settled in this way all over the new Western States, and this preemption right is one of the few laws in Western America strictly adhered to. A singular proof of this occurred the other day at Galena. The government had made regulations with the diggers and smelters on the government lands for a percentage on the lead raised, as a government tax; and they erected a large stone building to warehouse their portion, which was paid in lead. As soon as the government had finished it, a man stepped forward and proved his right of preemption on the land upon which the building

was erected, and it was decided against the government, although the land was actually government land!

CHAPTER IV.

I REMAINED a week at Prairie du Chien, and left my kind entertainers with regret; but an opportunity offering of going up to St. Peters in a steam-boat, with General Atkinson, who was on a tour of inspection, I could not neglect so favourable a chance. St. Peters is situated at the confluence of the St. Peter River with the Upper Mississippi, about seven miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, where the River Mississippi becomes no longer navigable; and here, removed many hundred miles from civilization, the Americans have an outpost called Fort Snelling, and the American Fur Company an establishment. The country to the north is occupied by the Chippeway tribe of Indians; that to the east by the Winnebagos, and that to the west by the powerful tribe of Sioux or

Dacotahs, who range over the whole prairie territory between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

The river here is so constantly divided by numerous islands, that its great width is not discernible: it seldom has less than two or three channels, and often more: it courses through a succession of bold bluffs, rising sometimes perpendicularly, and always abruptly from the banks or flat land, occasionally diversified by the prairies, which descend to the edge of the stream. These bluffs are similar to those I have described in the Wisconsin river and Prairie du Chien, but are on a grander scale, and are surmounted by horizontal layers of limestone rock. The islands are all covered with small timber and brushwood, and in the spring, before the leaves have burst out, and the freshets come down, the river rises so as to cover the whole of them, and then you behold the width and magnificence of this vast stream. On the second day we arrived at Lake Pepin, which

is little more than an expansion of the river, or rather a portion of it, without islands. On the third, we made fast to the wharf, abreast of the American Fur Company's Factory, a short distance below the mouth of the River St. Peters. Fort Snelling is about a mile from the factory, and is situated on a steep promontory, in a commanding position; it is built of stone, and may be considered as impregnable to any attempt which the Indians might make, provided that it has a sufficient garrison. Behind it is a splendid prairie, running back for many miles.

The Falls of St. Anthony are not very imposing, although not devoid of beauty. You cannot see the whole of the falls at one view, as they are divided, like those of Niagara, by a large island, about one-third of the distance from the eastern shore. The river which, as you ascended, poured through a bed below the strata of calcareous rock, now rises above the limestone formation; and the large masses of

this rock, which at the falls have been thrown down in wild confusion over a width of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards, have a very picturesque effect. The falls themselves, I do not think, are more than from thirty to thirty-five feet high; but, with rapids above and below them, the descent of the river is said to be more than one hundred feet. Like those of Niagara, these falls have constantly receded, and are still receding.

Here, for the first time, I consider that I have seen the Indians in their primitive state; for till now all that I had fallen in with have been debased by intercourse with the whites, and the use of spirituous liquors. The Winnebagos at Prairie du Chien were almost always in a state of intoxication, as were the other tribes at Mackinaw, and on the Lakes. The Winnebagos are considered the dirtiest race of Indians, and with the worst qualities: they were formerly designated by the French, *Puans* a term sufficiently explanatory. When I was

at Prairie du Chien, a circumstance which had occurred there in the previous winter was narrated to me. In many points of manners and customs, the red men have a strong analogy with the Jewish tribes: among others, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, is most strictly adhered to. If an Indian of one tribe is killed by an Indian of another, the murderer is demanded, and must either be given up, or his life must be taken by his own tribe; if not, a feud between the two nations would be the inevitable result. It appeared that a young Menonnomie, in a drunken fray, had killed a Winnebago, and the culprit was demanded by the head men of the Winnebago tribe. A council was held; and instead of the Menonnomie, the chiefs of the tribe offered them whisky. The Winnebagos could not resist the temptation; and it was agreed that ten gallons of whisky should be produced by the Menonnomies, to be drunk by all parties over the grave of the deceased. The squaws of the Menonnomie tribe had to dig the grave, as is the custom,—

a task of no little labour, as the ground was frozen hard several feet below the surface.

The body was laid in the grave; the mother of the deceased, with the rest of the Winnebago squaws, howling over it, and denouncing vengeance against the murderer; but in a short time the whisky made its appearance, and they all set too to drink. In an hour they were all the best friends in the world, and all very drunk. The old squaw mother was hugging the murderer of her son; and it was a scene of intoxication which, in the end, left the majority of the parties assembled, for a time, quite as dead as the man in the grave. Such are the effects of whisky upon these people, who have been destroyed much more rapidly by spirituous liquors than by all the wars which they have engaged in against the whites.

The Sioux are a large band, and are divided into six or seven different tribes; they are said to amount to from 27,000 to 30,000. They are, or have been, constantly at war with the Chip-

peways to the north of them, and with Saucs and Foxes, a small but very warlike band, residing to the south of them, abreast of Des Moines River. The Sioux have fixed habitations as well as tents; their tents are large and commodious, made of buffalo skins dressed without the hair, and very often handsomely painted on the outside. I went out about nine miles to visit a Sioux village on the borders of a small lake. Their lodges were built cottage-fashion, of small fir-poles, erected stockadewise, and covered inside and out with bark; the roof also of bark with a hole in the centre for the smoke to escape through. I entered one of those lodges: the interior was surrounded by a continued bed-place round three of the sides, about three feet from the floor, and on the platform was a quantity of buffalo skins and pillows; the fire was in the centre, and their luggage was stowed away under the bed-places. It was very neat and clean; the Sioux generally are; indeed, particularly so, compared

with the other tribes of Indians. A missionary resides at this village, and has paid great attention to the small band under his care. Their patches of Indian corn were clean and well tilled; and although, from demi-civilization, the people have lost much of their native grandeur, still they are a fine race, and well disposed. But the majority of the Sioux tribe remain in their native state: they are *Horse* Indians, as those who live on the prairies are termed; and although many of them have rifles, the majority still adhere to the use of the bow and arrows, both in their war parties and in the chase of the buffalo.

During the time that I passed here, there were several games of ball played between different bands, and for considerable stakes; one was played on the prairie close to the house of the Indian agent. The Indian game of ball is somewhat similar to the game of golf in Scotland, with this difference, that the sticks used by the Indians have a small network racket at the

end, in which they catch the ball and run away with it, as far as they are permitted, towards the goal, before they throw it in that direction. It is one of the most exciting games in the world, and requires the greatest activity and address. It is, moreover, rendered celebrated in American history from the circumstance that it was used as a stratagem by the renowned leader of the northern tribes, Pontiac, to surprise in one day all the English forts on and near to the lakes, a short time after the Canadas had been surrendered to the British. At Mackinaw they succeeded, and put the whole garrison to the sword, as they did at one or two smaller posts; but at Detroit they were foiled by the plan having been revealed by one of the squaws.

Pontiac's plan was as follows. Pretending the greatest good-will and friendship, a game of ball was proposed to be played, on the same day, at all the different outposts, for the amusement of the garrisons. The interest taken in the game would, of course, call out a proportion

of the officers and men to witness it. The squaws were stationed close to the gates of the fort, with the rifles of the Indians cut short, concealed under their blankets. The ball was, as if by accident, to be thrown into the fort; the Indians, as usual, were to rush in crowds after it: by this means they were to enter the fort, receiving their rifles from their squaws as they hurried in, and then slaughter the weakened and unprepared garrisons. Fortunately, Detroit, the most important post, and against which Pontiac headed the stratagem in person, was saved by the previous information given by the squaw; not that she had any intention to betray him, but the commanding officer having employed her to make him several pair of mocassins out of an elk skin, desired her to take the remainder of the skin for the same purpose; this she refused, saying that it was of no use, as he would never see it again. This remark excited his suspicions, and led to the discovery.

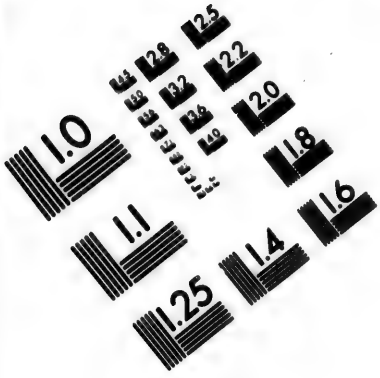
The game played before the fort when I was

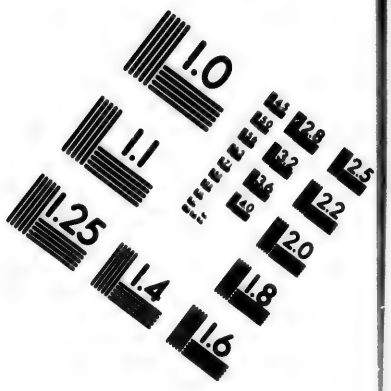
present lasted nearly two hours, during which I had a good opportunity of estimating the agility of the Indians, who displayed a great deal of mirth and humour at the same time. But the most curious effect produced was by the circumstance, that having divested themselves of all their garments except their middle clothing, they had all of them fastened behind them a horse's tail; and as they swept by, in their chase of the ball, with their tails streaming to the wind, I really almost made up my mind that such an appendage was rather an improvement to a man's figure than otherwise.

While I was there a band of Sioux from the *Lac qui Parle*, (so named from a remarkable echo there,) distant about two hundred and thirty miles from Port Snelling, headed by a Mons. Rainville, came down, on a visit to the American Fur Company's factory. Mons. Rainville, (or *de* Rainville, as he told me was his real name,) is, he asserts, descended from one of the best families in France, which formerly settled in

Canada. He is a half-bred, his father being a Frenchman, and his mother a Sioux; his wife is also a Sioux, so that his family are three quarters red. He had been residing many years with the Sioux tribes, trafficking with them for peltry, and has been very judicious in his treatment of them, not interfering with their pursuits of hunting; he has, moreover, to a certain degree civilized them, and obtained great power over them. He has induced the band who reside with him to cultivate a sufficiency of ground for their sustenance, but they still course the prairie on their fiery horses, and follow up the chase of the buffalo. They adhere also to their paint, their dresses, and their habits, and all who compose his band are first-rate warriors; but they are all converted to Christianity.

Latterly two missionaries have been sent out to his assistance. The Dacotah language has been reduced to writing, and most of them, if not all, can write and read. I have now in my possession an elementary spelling-book, and





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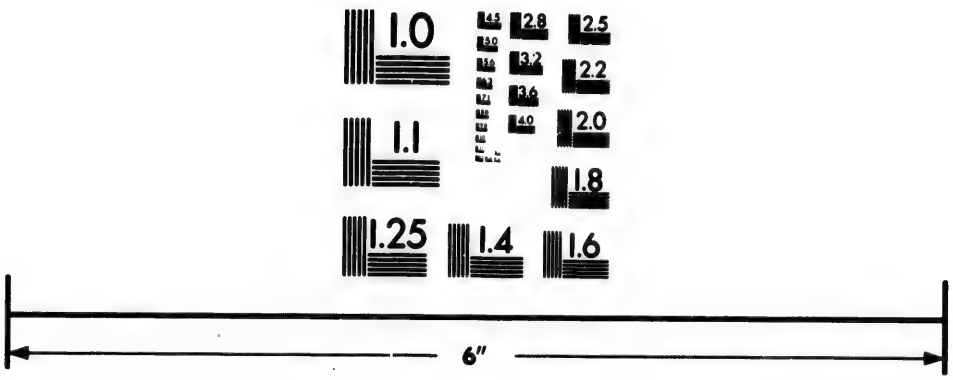

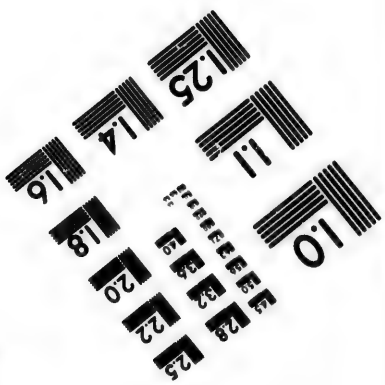

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Watts's catechism, printed at Boston, in the Sioux tongue, and many letters and notes given to me by the missionaries, written to them by the painted warriors; of course, they do not touch spirituous liquors. The dress of the band which came down with Mr. Rainville was peculiarly martial and elegant. Their hair is divided in long plaits in front, and ornamented with rows of circular silver buckles; the ear is covered with ear-rings up to the top of it, and on the crown of the head they wear the war-eagle's feathers, to which they are entitled by their exploits. The war-eagle is a small one of the genus, but said to be so fierce that it will attack and destroy the largest of his kind; the feathers are black about three inches down from the tips, on each side of the stem, the remainder being white. These feathers are highly valued, as the bird is scarce and difficult to kill. I saw two very fine feathers carried by a Sioux warrior on the point of his spear, and I asked him if he would part with them. He refused, saying

that they cost too dear. I asked him how much, and he replied that he had given a very *fine horse* for them. For every scalp taken from the enemy, or grisly bear killed, an Indian is entitled to wear one feather, and no more; and this rule is never deviated from. Were an Indian to put on more feathers than he is entitled to, he would be immediately disgraced. Indeed, you can among this primitive people know all their several merits as warriors. I have now the shield of Yank-ton Sioux, a chief of a tribe near the Missouri. In the centre is a black eagle, which is his *totem*, or heraldic distinction; on each side hang war-eagle's feathers and small locks of human hair, denoting the number of scalps which he has taken, and below are smaller feathers, equal to the number of wounds he has received. These warriors of Mr. Rainville's were constantly with me, for they knew that I was an *English* warrior, as they called me, and they are very partial to the English. It was really a pleasing sight, and a subject for me-

ditation, to see one of these fine fellows, dressed in all his wild magnificence, with his buffalo robe on his shoulders, and his tomahawk by his side, seated at a table, and writing out for me a Sioux translation of the Psalms of David.

Mr. Rainville's children read and write English, French, and Sioux. They are modest and well-behaved, as the Indian women generally are. They had prayers every evening, and I used to attend them. The warriors sat on the floor round the room; the missionary, with Mr. Rainville and his family, in the centre; and they all sang remarkably well. This system with these Indians is, in my opinion, very good. All their fine qualities are retained; and if the system be pursued I have no doubt but that the sternness and less defensible portions of their characters will be gradually obliterated.

A half-bred, of the name of Jack Fraser, came up with us in the steam-boat. He has been admitted into one of the bands of Sioux who live near the river, and is reckoned one of

the bravest of their warriors. I counted twenty-eight notches on the handle of his tomahawk, every one denoting a scalp taken, and when dressed he wears eagle's feathers to that amount. He was a fine intellectual-looking man. I conversed with him through the interpreter, and he told me that the only man that he wished to kill was his *father*. On inquiring why, he replied that his father had broken his word with him; that he had promised to make a *white man* of him (that is to have educated him, and brought him up in a civilized manner), and that he had left him a Sioux. One could not help admiring the thirst for knowledge and the pride shewn by this poor fellow, although mixed up with their inveterate passion for revenge.

The following story is told of Jack Fraser:— When he was a lad of twelve years old he was, with three other Sioux Indians, captured by the Chippeways. At that period these tribes were not at war, but they were preparing for it; the Chippeways, therefore, did not kill, but they

insulted all the Sioux who fell into their hands.

The greatest affront to a Sioux is to cut off his hair, which is worn very long before and behind, hanging down in plaits ornamented with silver brooches. The Chippeways cut off the hair of the three Sioux Indians, and were about to do the same office for Jack, when he threw them off, telling them that if they wanted his hair, they must take it with the *scalp* attached to it.

This boldness on the part of a boy of twelve years old astonished the Chippeways, and they all put their hands to their mouths, as the Indians always do when they are very much surprised. They determined, however, to ascertain if Jack was really as brave as he appeared to be, and whether he had fortitude to bear pain.

One of the chiefs refilled his pipe, and put the hot bowl of it to Jack's nether quarters, and kept it there in close contact until he had burnt a hole in his flesh as wide as a dollar, and half an inch deep. Jack never flinched during the

operation, and the Indians were so pleased with him that they not only allowed Jack to retain his hair, but they gave him his liberty.

The Sioux are said to be very honest, except on the point of stealing horses; but this, it must be recollected, is a part of their system of warfare, and is no more to be considered as stealing than is our taking merchant-vessels on the high seas. Indeed, what are the vast rolling prairies but as the wide ocean, and their armed bands that scour them but men-of-war and privateers, and the horses which they capture but unarmed or defenceless convoys of merchant-vessels? But sometimes they steal when they are not at war, and this is from the force of habit, and their irresistible desire to possess a fine horse. Mr. Rainville informed me that three hundred dollars was a very common price for a good horse, and if the animal was very remarkable, swift, and well-trained for buffalo-hunting, they would give any sum (or the equivalent for it) that they could command.

In many customs the Sioux are closely allied to the Jewish nation; indeed, a work has been published in America to prove that the Indians were originally Jews. There is always a separate lodge for the woman to retire to before and after childbirth, observing a similar purification to that prescribed by Moses. Although there ever will be, in all societies, instances to the contrary, chastity is honoured among the Sioux. They hold what they term Virgin Feasts, and when these are held, should any young woman accept the invitation who has by her misconduct rendered herself unqualified for it, it is the duty of any man who is aware of her unfitness, to go into the circle and lead her out. A circumstance of this kind occurred the other day, when the daughter of a celebrated chief gave a Virgin Feast: a young man of the tribe walked into the circle and led her out; upon which the chief led his daughter to the lodge of the young Sioux, and told him that he gave her to him for his wife, but the young man refused to take her, as

being unworthy. But what is more singular (and I have it from authority which is unquestionable), they also hold Virgin Feasts for the young men; and should any young man take his seat there who is unqualified, the woman who is aware of it must lead him out, although in so doing, she convicts herself; nevertheless it is considered a sacred duty and is done.

The shells found in their western rivers are very interesting. I had promised to procure some for Mr. Lee, of Philadelphia, and an old squaw had been despatched to obtain them. She brought me a large quantity, and then squatted down by my side. I was seated on the stone steps before the door, and commenced opening and cleaning them previous to packing them up She watched me very attentively for half an hour, and then got up, and continued, as she walked away, to chuckle and talk aloud. "Do you know what the old woman says?" said the old Canadian interpreter to me: "she says, the

man's a fool; he keeps the shells, and throws the meat away."

The French Canadians, who are here employed by the Fur Company, are a strange set of people. There is no law here, or appeal to law; yet they submit to authority, and are managed with very little trouble. They bind themselves for three years, and during that time (little occasional deviations being overlooked) they work diligently and faithfully; ready at all seasons and at all hours, and never complaining, although the work is often extremely hard. Occasionally they return to Canada with their earnings, but the major part have connected themselves with Indian women, and have numerous families; for children in this fine climate are so numerous, that they almost appear to spring from the earth.

While I remained at St. Peters, one or two of the settlers at Red River came down. Red River is a colony established by Lord Selkirk, and at present is said to be composed of a population of four thousand. This settlement, which is four

degrees of latitude north of St. Peters, has proved very valuable to the Hudson Bay Company, who are established there; most of their servants remaining at it after their three years' service is completed, and those required to be hired in their stead being obtained from the settlement. Formerly they had to send to Montreal for their servants, and those discharged went to Canada and spent their money in the provinces; now that they remain at the settlement, the supplies coming almost wholly from the stores of the Company, the money returns to it, and they procure their servants without trouble. These settlers informed me that provisions were plentiful and cheap, beef being sold at about twopence per lb.; but they complained, and very naturally, that there was no market for their produce, so that if the Company did not purchase it, they must consume it how they could; besides that the supply being much greater than the demand, of course favour was shewn. This had disgusted many of the settlers, who talked of coming down

further south. One of the greatest inducements for remaining at Red River, and which occasioned the population to be so numerous, was the intermixture by marriage with the Indian tribes surrounding them. They do not like to return to Canada with a family of half-breeds, who would not there be looked upon with the same consideration as their parents.

I give the substance of this conversation, without being able to substantiate how far it is true: the parties who gave me the information were certainly to be classed among that portion of the settlers who were discontented.

CHAPTER VI.

Fort Snelling is well built, and beautifully situated: as usual, I found the officers gentlemanlike, intelligent, and hospitable; and, together with their wives and families, the society was the most agreeable that I became acquainted with in America. They are better supplied here than either at Fort Crawford or Fort Winnebago, having a fine stock of cattle on the prairie, and an extensive garden cultivated for the use of the garrison. The principal amusement of the officers is, as may be supposed, the chase; there is no want of game in the season, and they have some very good dogs of every variety. And I here had the pleasure of falling in with Captain Scott, one of the first Nimrods of the United States, and who, perhaps, has seen more of every variety of hunting than any other

person. His reputation as a marksman is very great; and there is one feat which he has often performed that appears almost incredible. Two potatoes being thrown up in the air, he will watch his opportunity and pass his rifle ball through them both. I had long conversations with him; and as, from his celebrity, he may be accounted a public character, I use no ceremony in amusing my readers with two or three personal anecdotes which he related to me.

First—Shewing how it was that, in his after life, Captain Scott became so celebrated a hunter:—

"I was hardly twelve years old, and had never been allowed to go out *gunning*, although I was permitted to rest my father's gun upon a rail when he returned home with it charged, and fire it off in that way; and that was the greatest pleasure I then knew. We lived at Beddington, in the State of Vermont, where I was born. One morning they brought down the intelligence that three bears had been

seen near the mill, about a mile from my father's house. The whole country turned out, some with rifles, and others with what weapons they could get; the blacksmith shouldered his sledge-hammer, the labourer his pitch-fork; for all I know to the contrary, the barber carried his pole. There were two other boys, my companions, but older than me, whose names were Pratt; they went out and carried guns. The chase proved to be an old she bear, a grey-nose, as they are termed, with her two cubs. One of the boys had been stationed on a road near the mill, more to keep him out of harm's-way than for any thing else; but it so happened that one of the cubs came out in that direction, and was shot by him. The people fixed the bear's carcase on two poles, mounted him on it, and carried him home in triumph. I can hardly express what were my feelings on that occasion, although time has not obliterated them: I was dying of jealousy. young Pratt had killed a bear, and I had not.

"I went to bed, but I could not sleep a wink. The next day the chase was renewed, and it so happened that, much in the same way, the other cub was killed by the other brother, who, in the same manner, was carried home in triumph. I thought I should have died that night; it was on a Saturday evening when they returned from this second expedition, and they did not go out the next day, as it was the Sabbath. On Sunday evening I went over to a cross old man, who had a good dog, and, after a deal of persuasion, I obtained the loan of it, pledging myself before another party that if it was not returned safe, I would pay him ten dollars—rather a bold promise for a boy to make, who had never had more than twenty-five cents in his pocket at one time during his life. I took the dog to my bed-room, tied him fast to my wrist that he might not escape during the night, and tried to go to sleep. I rose before daylight on Monday morning, and found that my father had discovered that I had em-

ployed the Sabbath in looking for a dog; and in consequence, as he was a very strict man, I received a severe caning. On these memorable occasions, he always used to hold me by the wrist with one hand, while he chastised me with the other. I found the best plan was to run round him as fast as I could, which obliged my father to turn round after me with the stick, and then in a short time he left off; not because he thought I had had enough, but because he became so giddy that he could not stand. A greater punishment, however, was threatened—that of not being permitted to go to the bear-hunt, which was to take place on that day; but I pleaded hard, and asked my father how he would have liked it, if he had been prevented from going to the battle of B—— (where he had very much distinguished himself). This was taking the old man on his weak side, and I was, at last, permitted to be present. Then there arose another difficulty: I was thought too little to carry a gun, which I had provided; but a neigh-

bour, who had witnessed my anxiety, took my part, said that he would be answerable for me, and that I should not quit his side; so at last all was settled to my satisfaction. As for the caning, I thought nothing at all of that.

"We set off, and before we reached the mill, we passed a hollow; the dog barked furiously, and I let him go. After a time I heard a noise in a bush. 'Did you not hear?' said I to my neighbour.—'Yes,' replied he; 'but I also heard a rustling on the bank this way. Do you look out sharp in that direction, whilst I look out in this.' He had hardly said so, and I had not turned my head, when out came the old she-bear, in the direction where my neighbour had been watching, and sat upon her hind legs in a clear place. My friend levelled his gun; to my delight he had forgotten to cock it. While he was cocking it, the bear dropped down on her fore legs, and I fired; the ball passed through her chest into her shoulder. She was at that time on the brink of a shelving quarry

of sharp stone, down which she retreated. I halloo'd for the dog, and followed, slipping and tumbling after her, for I was mad at the idea of her escaping me. Down we went together, the dog following; when we arrived at the bottom, the dog seized her. She was so weak that she supported herself against a rock; at last she rolled on her back, hugging the dog in her fore paws. This was a terrible source of alarm to me. I caught the dog by the tail, pulling at it as hard as I could to release him, crying out, although no one was near me, "Save the dog—save the dog—or I'll have to pay ten dollars." But, fortunately, the bear, although she held the dog fast, had not sufficient strength left to kill it. Other people now came up; my own musquet was down the bear's throat, where, in my anxiety, I had thrust it; one of them handed me his, and I shot the bear through the head. Even then, so fearful was I of losing my prey, that I seized a large stone and beat the animal on the head till I was exhausted.

Then I had *my* triumph. The Pratts had only killed bear-cubs; I had killed a full-grown bear. I was, as you may suppose, also carried home upon the animal's back; and from that day I was pointed out as a bear-hunter."

Secondly. "I was once buffalo hunting in Arkansas. I was on a strong well-trained horse, pursuing a bull, when we arrived at a rent or crack in the prairie, so wide, that it was necessary for the animals to leap it. The bull went over first, and I, on the horse, following it close, rose on my stirrups, craning a little, that I might perceive the width of the rent. At that moment the bull turned round to charge; the horse perceiving it, and knowing his work, immediately wheeled also. This sudden change of motion threw me off my saddle, and I remained hanging by the side of the horse, with my leg over his neck: there I was, hanging on only by my leg, with my head downwards below the horse's belly. The bull rushed on to the charge, ranging up to the flank of the horse

on the side where I was dangling, and the horse was so encumbered by my weight in that awkward position, that each moment the bull gained upon him. At last my strength failed me; I felt that I could hold on but a few seconds longer; the head of the bull was close to me, and the steam from his nostrils blew into my face. I gave myself up for lost; all the prayer I could possibly call to mind at the time was, the first two lines of a hymn I used to repeat as a child—"Lord now I lay me down to sleep;" and that I repeated two or three times, when, fortunately, the horse wheeled short round, evaded the bull, and leaped the gap. The bull was at fault; the jolt of the leap, after nearly dropping me into the gap, threw me up so high, that I gained the neck of my horse, and eventually my saddle. I then thought of my rifle, and found that I had held it grasped in my hand during the whole time. I wheeled my horse and resumed the chase, and in a minute the bull was dead at my horse's feet."

Thirdly. "I was riding out one day in Arkansas, and it so happened I had not my rifle with me, nor indeed a weapon of any description, not even my jack-knife. As I came upon the skirts of a prairie, near a small copse, a buck started out, and dashed away as if much alarmed. I thought it was my sudden appearance which had alarmed him; I stopped my horse to look after him, and, turning my eyes afterwards in the direction from whence it had started, I perceived, as I thought, on a small mound of earth raised by an animal called a gopher, just the head of the doe, her body concealed by the high grass. I had no arms, but it occurred to me, that if I could contrive to crawl up very softly, the high grass might conceal my approach, and I should be able to spring upon her and secure her by main strength. 'If I can manage this,' said I to myself, 'it will be something to talk about.' I tied my horse to a tree, and commenced crawling very softly on my hands and knees

towards the gopher hill; I arrived close to it, and the doe had not started; I rose gently with both hands ready for a grab, and prepared to spring, slowly raising my head that I might get a sight of the animal. It appeared that the animal was equally inquisitive, and wished to gain a sight of me, and it slowly raised its head from the grass as I did mine. Imagine what was my surprise and consternation, to find that, instead of a doe, I was face to face with a large male panther. It was this brute which had so scared the buck, and now equally scared me. There I was, at hardly one yard's distance from him, without arms of any description, and almost in the paws of the panther. I knew that my only chance was keeping my eyes fixed steadfastly on his, and not moving hand or foot; the least motion to retreat would have been his signal to spring: so there I was, as white as a sheet, with my eyes fixed on him. Luckily he did not know what was passing within me. For some seconds

the animal met my gaze, and I began to give myself up for lost. 'Tis time for you to go, thought I, or I am gone: will you never go? At last, the animal blinked, and then his eyes opened like balls of fire; I remained fascinated as it were; he blinked again, turned his head a very little, then turned round and went away at a light canter. Imagine the relief. I hastened back to my horse, and away also went I at a light canter, and with a lighter heart, grateful to Heaven for having preserved me."

CHAPTER VII.

The band of warriors attached to Monsieur Rainville have set up their war-tent close to the factory, and have entertained us with a variety of dances. Their dresses are very beautiful, and the people, who have been accustomed to witness these exhibitions for years, say that they have never seen any thing equal to them before. I was very anxious to obtain one of them, and applied to Mr. Rainville to effect my purpose; but it required all his influence to induce them to part with it, and they had many arguments and debates among themselves before they could make up their minds to consent to do so. I was the more anxious about it, as I had seen Mr. Catlin's splendid exhibition, and I knew that he had not one in his possession. The dress in question consisted of a sort

of kilt of fine skins, ornamented with beautiful porcupine quill-work and eagle's feathers; garters of animals' tails, worn at their ankles; head-dress of eagle's feathers and ermines' tails, &c. They made little objection to part with any portions of the dress except the kilt; at last they had a meeting of the whole band, as the dress was not the property of any one individual; and I was informed that the warriors would come and have a *talk* with me.

I received them at the factory's new house, in my room, which was large, and held them all. One came and presented me with a pair of garters; another with a portion of the head-dress; another with mocassins; at last, the kilt or girdle was handed to me. M. Rainville sat by as interpreter. He who had presented me with the kilt or girdle spoke for half a minute, and then stopped while what he said was being interpreted.

"You are an Englishman, and a warrior in your own country. You cross the great waters

as fast as we can our prairies. We recollect the English, and we like them; they used us well. The rifles and blankets which they gave us, according to promise, were of good quality: not like the American goods; their rifles are bad, and their blankets are thin. The English keep their word, and they live in our memory."

"Ho!" replied I; which is as much as to say, I understand what you have said, and you may proceed.

"You have asked for the dress which we wear when we dance; we have never parted with one as yet; they belong to the band of warriors; when one who has worn a dress goes to the land of spirits, we hold a council, to see who is the most worthy to put it on in his place. We value them highly; and we tell you so not to enhance their value, but to prove what we will do for an English warrior."

"Ho!" says I.

"An American, in the fort, has tried hard to obtain this dress of us; he offered us two bar-

rels of flour, and other things. You know that we have no game, and we are hungry; but if he had offered twelve barrels of flour, we would not have parted with them. (This was true.) But our father, Rainville, has spoken; and we have pleasure in giving them to an English warrior. I have spoken."

"Ho!" says I; upon which the Indian took his seat with the others, and it was my turn to speak. I was very near beginning, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking;" but I knew that such an acknowledgment would, in their estimation, have very much lessened my value as a warrior; for, like the Duke of Wellington, one must be as valuable in the council as in the field, to come up to their notions of excellence. So I rose, and said—

"I receive with great pleasure the dress which you have given me. I know that you do not like to part with it, and that you have refused the American at the fort; and I therefore value it the more. I shall never look

upon it, when I am on the other side of the great waters, without thinking of my friends the Sioux; and I will tell my nation that you gave them to me because I was an English warrior, and because you liked the English."

"Ho!" grunted the whole conclave, after this was interpreted.

"I am very glad that you do not forget the English, and that you say they kept their word, and that their rifles and blankets were good. I know that the blankets of the Americans are thin and cold. (I did not think it worth while to say that they were all made in England.) We have buried the hatchet now; but should the tomahawk be raised again between the Americans and the English, you must not take part with the Americans."

"Ho!" said they.

"In the Fur Company's store you will find many things acceptable to you. I leave Mr. Rainville to select for you what you wish; and

beg you will receive them in return for the present which you have made me."

"Ho!" said they; and thus ended my first Indian council.

It is remarkable that the Sioux have no expression to signify, "I thank you," although other Indians have. When they receive a present, they always say, *Wash tay:* it is good.

Of all the tribes I believe the Sioux to be the most inimical to the Americans. They have no hesitation in openly declaring so; and it must be acknowledged that it is not without just grounds. During the time that I was at St. Peters, a council was held at the Indian agent's. It appears that the American Government, in its paternal care for the Indians, had decided that at any *strike* taking place between tribes of Indians near to the confines, no war should take place in consequence: that is to say, that should any Indians of one tribe attack or kill any Indians belonging to another, that instead of the tribes going to war, they

should apply for and receive redress from the American Government. Some time back, a party of Chippeways came down to a trader's house, about half a mile from Port Snelling. Being almost hereditary enemies of the Sioux, they were fired at, at night, by some of the young men of the Sioux village close by, and two of the Chippeways were wounded. In conformity with the intimation received, and the law laid down by the American Government and promulgated by the Indian agent, the Chippeways applied for redress. It was granted—four Sioux were taken and shot. This summary justice was expected to produce the best effects, and, had it been followed up, it might have prevented bloodshed: but, since the above occurrence, some Chippeways came down, and meeting a party of Sioux, were received kindly into their lodges; they returned this hospitality by treacherously murdering eleven of the Sioux, while they were asleep. This time the Sioux brought forward their complaint. "You tell

us not to go to war; we will not; you shot four of our people for wounding two Chippeways; now do us justice against the Chippeways, who have murdered eleven of our Sioux." As yet no justice has been done to the Sioux. The fact is, that the Chippeways live a long way off; and there are not sufficient men to garrison the fort, still less to send a party out to capture the Chippeways; and the Sioux are, as may well be supposed, indignant at this partial proceeding.

I was at the council, and heard all the speeches made by the Sioux chiefs on the occasion. They were some of them very eloquent, and occasionally very severe; and the reply of the Indian agent must have rendered the American government very contemptible in the eyes of the Indians—not that the agent was so much in fault as was the American government, which, by not taking proper measures to put their promises and agreements into force, had left their officer in such a position. First, the Indian agent said,

that the wounding of the two Chippeways took place close to the fort, and that it was on account of the insult offered to the *American flag*, that it was so promptly punished—a very different explanation, and quite at variance with the principle laid down by the American government. The Indians replied; and the agent then said, that they had not sufficient troops to defend the fort, and, therefore, could not send out a party; an admission very unwise to make, although strictly true. The Indians again replied; and then the agent said, wait a little till we hear from Washington, and then, if you have no redress, you are brave men, you have arms in your hands, and your enemies are before you. This was worse than all, for it implied the inability or the indifference of the American government to do them justice, and told them, after that government had distinctly declared that they should fight no longer, but receive redress from it, that they now might do what the government had forbidden them to

do, and that they had no other chance of redress. The result of this council was very unsatisfactory. The Indian chiefs declared that they were ashamed to look their people in the face, and walked solemnly away.

To make this matter still worse, after I left St. Peter's I read in the St. Louis Gazette a report of some Chippeways having come down, and that, in consequence of the advice given by the Indian agent, the Sioux had taken the law into their own hands and murdered some of the Chippeways; and that although they had never received redress for the murder of their own people, some of the Sioux were again taken and executed.

The arms of the Sioux are the rifle, tomahawk, and bow; they carry spears more for parade than use. Their bows are not more than three feet long, but their execution with them is surprising. A Sioux, when on horseback chasing the buffalo, will drive his arrow, which is about eighteen inches long, with such force

that the barb shall appear on the opposite side of the animal. And one of their greatest chiefs, *Wanataw*, has been known to kill two buffalos with one arrow, it having passed through the first of the animals, and mortally wounded the second on the other side of it. I was about two hundred yards from the fort, and asked a Sioux if he could send his arrow into one of the apertures for air, which were near the foundation, and about three inches wide. It appeared like a mere thread from where we stood. He took his bow, and apparently with a most careless aim he threw the arrow right into it.

The men are tall and straight, and very finely made, with the exception of their arms, which are too small. The arms of the squaws, who do all the labour, are much more muscular. One day, as I was on the prairie, I witnessed the effect of custom upon these people. A Sioux was coming up without perceiving me; his squaw followed very heavily laden, and to assist her he had himself a large package on his

shoulder. As soon as they perceived me, he dropped his burden, and it was taken up by the squaw and added to what she had already. If a woman wishes to upbraid another, the severest thing she can say is, "You let your husband carry burthens."

CHAPTER VIII.

LEFT St. Peters. Taking the two varieties in the mass, the Indians must be acknowledged the most perfect gentlemen in America, particularly in their deportment. It was with regret that I parted with my friends in the fort, my kind host, Mr. Sibley, and my noble-minded warrior Sioux. I could have remained at St. Peters for a year with pleasure, and could only regret that life was so short, and the Mississippi so long.

There is, however, one serious drawback in all America to life in the woods, or life in cities, or every other kind of life; which is the manner, go where you will, in which you are pestered by the musquitoes. Strangers are not the only sufferers; those who are born and die in the country are equally tormented, and it is slap,

slap, slap, all day and all night long, for these animals bite through everything less thick than a buffalo's skin. As we ascended the river they attacked us on the crown of the head—a very unusual thing,—and raised swellings as large as pigeons' eggs. I must have immolated at least five hundred of them upon my bump of benevolence. Whatever people may think, I feel that no one can be very imaginative where these animals are so eternally tormenting them. You meditate under the shady boughs of some forest-king (slap knee, slap cheek), and farewell to anything like concentration of thought; you ponder on the sailing moon (slap again, right and left, above, below), always unpleasantly interrupted. It won't do at all: you are teazed and phlebotomized out of all poetry and patience.

It is midnight, the darkness is intense, not even a star in the heavens above, and the steamboat appears as if it were gliding through a current of ink, with black masses rising just perceptible on either side of it; no sound except

the reiterated note of the "Whip poor Will," answered by the loud coughing of the high-pressure engine. Who, of those in existence fifty years ago, would have contemplated that these vast and still untenanted solitudes would have had their silence invaded by such an unearthly sound? a sound which ever gives you the idea of vitality. It is this appearance of breathing which makes the high-pressure engine the nearest approach to creation which was ever attained by the ingenuity of man. It appears to have respiration, and that short quick respiration occasioned by exertion; its internal operations are performed as correctly and as mechanically as are our own; it is as easily put out of order and rendered useless as we are; and like us, it can only continue its powers of motion by being well supplied with aliment.

Ran up Fever River to Galena, the present emporium of the Mineral Country. There is an unpleasant feeling connected with the name of this river; it is, in fact, one of the American

translations. It was originally called Fève, or Bean River, by the French, and this they have construed into Fever. The Mineral district comprehends a tract of country running about one hundred miles north and south, and fifty miles east and west, from the River Wisconsin to about twenty miles south of Galena. It was purchased by the American government about fifteen years ago, the northern portion from the Winnebagos, and the southern from the Saux and Fox Indians. The Indians used to work the diggings to a small extent, bringing the lead which they obtained to exchange with the traders. As may be supposed, they raised but little, the whole work of digging and smelting being carried on by the squaws. After the land was surveyed a portion of it was sold; but when the minerals made their appearance the fact was notified by the surveyors to the government, and the remaining portions were withdrawn from the market. A licence was granted to speculators to dig the ore and smelt it, upon

condition of their paying to the government a per centage on the mineral obtained. Those who found a good vein had permission to work it for forty yards square on condition that they carried the ore to a licensed smelter. This occasioned a new class of people to spring up in this speculative country, namely, *finders*, who would search all over the country for what they called a good *prospect*, that is, every appearance on the surface of a good vein of metal. This when found they would sell to others, who would turn *diggers*; and as soon as these finders had spent their money, they would range over the whole country to find another *prospect* which they might dispose of. But although it was at first supposed that the government had retained all the mineral portion of the district in its own hands, it was soon discovered that nearly the whole country was one continued lead mine, and that there was an equal supply of mineral to be obtained from those portions which had been disposed of. Lead was found not only in the moun-

tains and ravines, but under the surface of the wide prairies. As the lands sold by government had not to pay a per centage for the lead raised from them, those who worked upon the government lands refused to pay any longer, asserting that it was not *legal*. The superintendent of government soon found that his office was a sinecure, as all attempt at *coercion* in that half-civilized country would have been not only useless but dangerous. The government have gone to law with their tenants, but that is of no avail, for a verdict against the latter would not induce them to pay. The cause was not attempted to be tried at Galena, for the government knew what the decision of the jury would have been, but it is contested at Vandalia. It is three years since the mines have paid any per centage, and the government are now advised to sell all their reserved lands, and thus get rid of the business. How weak must that government be when it is compelled to submit to such a gross violation of all justice. The quantity of mineral found does

not appear to affect the quality of the soil, which is as fine here, if not finer, than in those portions of Wisconsin where the mineral is not so plentiful. The quantity of lead annually smelted is said to amount to from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 lbs. Galena is a small town, picturesquely situated on the banks of the river, but very dirty.

Ioway, the new district opposite to Wisconsin, on the western banks of the Mississippi, has, in all probability, a large proportion of metal under its surface. When it was in the possession of the Sioux Indians, they used to obtain from it a considerable portion of lead, which they brought down to barter; and I am inclined to think, that to the north of the Wisconsin river, they will find no want of minerals, even as high up as Lake Superior, where they have already discovered masses of native copper weighing many *tons:* and on the west side of the river, as you proceed south, you arrive at the iron

mines, or rather mountains of iron, in the Missouri.

After you proceed south of Prairie du Chien, the features of the Mississippi river gradually change; the bluffs decrease in number and in height, until you descend to Rock Island, below which point they are rarely to be met with. The country on each side now is chiefly composed of variegated rolling prairies, with a less proportion of timber. To describe these prairies would be difficult; that is, to describe the effect of them upon a stranger: I have found myself lost, as it were; and indeed sometimes, although on horseback, have lost myself, having only the sun for my guide. Look round in every quarter of the compass, and there you are as if on the ocean—not a landmark, not a vestige of any thing human but yourself. Instead of sky and water, it is one vast field, bounded only by the horizon, its surface gently undulating like the waves of the ocean; and as the wind (which

always blows fresh on the prairies) bows down the heads of the high grass, it gives you the idea of a running swell. Every three or four weeks there is a succession of beautiful flowers, giving a variety of tints to the whole map, which die away and are succeeded by others equally beautiful; and in the spring, the strawberries are in such profusion, that you have but to sit down wherever you may happen to be, and eat as long as you please.

We stopped at Alton, in the State of Missouri, to put on shore three thousand pigs of lead. This town has been rendered notorious by the murder—for murder it was, although it was brought on by his own intemperate conduct—of Mr. Lovejoy, who is now raised to the dignity of a martyr by the abolitionists. Alton is a well-built town, of stone, and, from its locality, must increase; it is, however, spoilt by the erection of a penitentiary with huge walls, on a most central and commanding situation. I read

a sign put out by a small eating-house, and which was very characteristic of the country—

"Stranger, here's your chicken fixings."

Four miles below Alton, the Missouri joins its waters with the Mississippi; and the change which takes place at the mingling of the two streams is very remarkable—the clear pellucid current of the upper Mississippi being completely extinguished by the foul mud of the other turbid and impetuous river. It was a great mistake of the first explorers, when they called the western branch, at the meeting of the two rivers, the Missouri, and the eastern the Mississippi: the western branch, or the Missouri, is really the Mississippi, and should have been so designated: it is the longest and farthest navigable of the two branches, and therefore is the main river.

The Falls of St. Anthony put an end to the navigation of the eastern branch, or present upper Missouri, about nine hundred miles above

St. Louis; while the western branch, or present Missouri, is navigable above St. Louis for more than one thousand two hundred miles.

The waters of the present upper Mississippi are clear and beautiful; it is a swift, but not an angry stream, full of beauty and freshness, and fertilizing as it sweeps along; while the Missouri is the same impetuous, discoloured, devastating current as the Mississippi continues to be after its junction—like it constantly sweeping down forests of trees in its wild course, overflowing, inundating, and destroying, and exciting awe and fear.

As soon as you arrive at St. Louis, you feel that you are on the great waters of Mississippi. St. Louis is a well-built town, now containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, and situated on a hill shelving down to the river. The population increases daily; the river a-breast of the town is crowded with steam-boats, lying in two or three tiers, and ready to start up or down, or to the many tributary navigable rivers which pour their waters into the Mississippi.

In point of heat, St. Louis certainly approaches the nearest to the Black Hole of Calcutta of any city that I have sojourned in. The lower part of the town is badly drained, and very filthy. The flies, on a moderate calculation, are in many parts fifty to the square inch. I wonder that they have not a contagious disease here during the whole summer; it is, however, indebted to heavy rains for its occasional purification. They have not the yellow fever here; but during the autumn they have one which, under another name, is almost as fatal—the bilious congestive fever. I found sleep almost impossible from the sultriness of the air, and used to remain at the open window for the greater part of the night. I did not expect that the muddy Mississippi would be able to reflect the silver light of the moon; yet it did, and the effect was very beautiful. Truly it may be said of this river, as it is of many ladies, that it is a candle-light beauty. There is another serious evil to which strangers who sojourn here are

subject—the violent effects of the waters of the Mississippi upon those who are not used to them. The suburbs of the town are very pretty; and a few miles behind it you are again in a charming prairie country, full of game, large and small. Large and small are only so by comparison. An American was asked what game they had in his district? and his reply was, "Why, we've plenty of *baar* (bear) and deer, but no *large* game to count on."

There is one great luxury in America, which is the quantity of clear pure ice which is to be obtained wherever you are, even in the hottest seasons, and ice-creams are universal and very cheap. I went into an establishment where they vended this and other articles of refreshment, when about a dozen black swarthy fellows, employed at the iron-foundry close at hand, with their dirty shirt-sleeves tucked up, and without their coats and waistcoats, came in, and sitting down, called for ice-creams. Miss Martineau says in her work, "Happy is the country where

factory-girls can carry parasols, and pig-drivers wear spectacles:" she might have added, and the sons of Vulcan eat ice-creams. I thought at the time what the ladies who stop in their carriages at Gunter's would have said, had they beheld these Cyclops with their bare sinewy arms, blackened with heat and smoke, refreshing themselves with such luxuries; but it must be remembered that *porter* is much the dearer article. Still the working classes all over America can command not only all necessary comforts, but many luxuries; for labour is dear and they are very well paid. The Americans will point this out and say, behold the effects of our institutions; and they fully believe that such is the case. Government has, however, nothing to do with it; it is the result of circumstances. When two years' exertion will procure a clever mechanic an independence, the effects will be the same, whether they labour under a democratic or a monarchial form of government.

Bear cubs (I mean the black bear) are

caught and brought down to the cities on this side of the river, to be fattened for the table. I saw one at Alton about a year old, which the owner told me was to be killed the next day, having been bespoken for the feast of the 4th of July. I have eaten old bear, which I dislike; but they say that the cub is very good. I also saw here a very fine specimen of the grizzly bear (Ursus Horridus of Linnæus). It was about two years old, and, although not so tall, must have weighed quite as much as a good-sized bullock. Its width of shoulder and apparent strength were enormous, and they have never yet been tamed. Mr. Van Amburgh would be puzzled to handle one of them. The Indians reckon the slaying of one of these animals as a much greater feat than killing a man, and the proudest ornament they can wear is a necklace of the grizzly bear's claws.

I, for myself, must confess, that I had rather be attacked by, and take my chance with, three

men than by one of these animals, as they are seldom killed by the first or even second bullet. It requires numbers to overcome them. The largest lion, or Bengal tiger, would stand but a poor chance, if opposed to one of these animals full grown. One of the gentlemen employed by the Fur Company told me, that he once saw a grizzly bear attack a bull buffalo, and that, at the first seizure, he tore one of the ribs of the buffalo out of his side, and eventually carried away the whole carcass, without much apparent effort. They are only to be found in the rocky mountains, and valleys between them, when the game is plentiful.

Visited the museum. There were once five large alligators to be seen alive in this museum; but they are now all dead. One demands our sympathy, as there was something Roman in his fate. Unable to support such a life of confinement, and preferring death to the loss of liberty, he committed suicide by throwing himself out of a three-story-high window. He was taken

up from the pavement the next morning; the vital spark had fled, as the papers say, and, I believe, his remains were decently interred.

The other four, never having been taught in their youth the hymn, "Birds in their little nests agree," fought so desperately, that one by one they all died of their wounds. They were very large, being from seventeen to twenty-one feet long. One, as a memorial, remains preserved in the museum, and to make him look more poetical, he has a stuffed negro in his mouth.

CHAPTER IX.

Thank Heaven I have escaped from St. Louis; during the time that I remained in that city, I was, day and night, so melting away, that I expected, like some of the immortal half-breeds of Jupiter, to become a tributary stream to the Mississippi.

As you descend the river the land through which it flows becomes more level and flat, while the size of the forest trees increases; the log-houses of the squatters, erected on the banks under their trunks, appear, in contrast with their size, more like dog-kennels than the habitations of men. The lianes, or creeping plants, now become plentiful, and embrace almost every tree, rising often to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and encircling them with the apparent force of the boa-constrictor. Most of them are poisonous;

indeed, it is from these creeping parasites that the Indians, both in North and South America, obtain the most deadly venom. Strange that these plants, in their appearances and their habits so similar to the serpent tribe, should be endowed with the same peculiar attributes, and thus become their parallels in the vegetable kingdom—each carrying sudden death in their respective juices. I hate the Mississippi, and as I look down upon its wild and filthy waters, boiling and eddying, and reflect how uncertain is travelling in this region of high-pressure, and disregard of social rights, I cannot help feeling a disgust at the idea of perishing in such a vile sewer, to be buried in mud, and perhaps to be rooted out again by some pig-nosed alligator.

Right glad was I when we turned into the stream of the Ohio, and I found myself on its purer waters. The Ohio is a splendid river, running westward from the chain of Alleghany mountains into the Mississippi, dividing the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio on its

northern bank from Kentucky, and Virginia on its south; the northern being free, and the southern slave states. We stopped at the mouth of the Cumberland river, where we took in passengers. Among others were a slave-dealer and a runaway negro whom he had captured. He was secured by a heavy chain, and followed his master, who, as soon as he arrived on the upper deck, made him fast with a large padlock to one of the stancheons. Here he remained looking wistfully at the northern shore, where every one was free, but occasionally glancing his eye on the southern, which had condemned him to toil for others. I had never seen a slave-dealer, and scrutinized this one severely. His most remarkable feature was his eye; it was large but not projecting, clear as crystal, and eternally in motion. I could not help imagining, as he turned it right and left from one to the other of the passengers, that he was calculating what price he could obtain for them in the market. The negro had run away about seven

months before, and not having a pass, he had been secured in goal until the return of his master, who had been on a journey with a string of slaves, to the State of Arkansas: he was about to be sold to pay expenses, when his master saw the advertisement and claimed him. As may be supposed, a strong feeling exists on the opposite shores of the river as to slavery and freedom. The Abolitionists used to assist the slaves to escape, and send them off to Canada; even now many do escape; but this has been rendered more difficult by a system which has latterly been put in practice by a set of miscreants living on the free side of the river. These would go to the slave-states opposite, and persuade the negroes to run away, promising to conceal them until they could send them off to Canada; for a free state is bound to give up a slave when claimed. Instead of sending them away, they would wait until the reward was offered by the masters for the apprehension of the slaves, and then return them, receiving their infamous guerdon. The slaves,

aware of this practice, now seldom attempt to escape.

Louisville is the largest city in Kentucky; the country about is very rich, and every thing vegetable springs up with a luxuriance which is surprising. It is situated at the falls of the Ohio, which are only navigable during the freshets; there is no river in America which has such a rise and fall as the Ohio, sometimes rising to sixty feet in the spring; but this is very rare, the general average being about forty feet. The French named it La Belle Riviere: it is a very grand stream, running through hills covered with fine timber and underwood; but a very small portion is as yet cleared by the settlers. At the time that I was at Louisville the water was lower than it had been remembered for years, and you could walk for miles over the bed of the river, a calcareous deposit full of interesting fossils; but the mineralogist and geologist have as much to perform in America as the agriculturist.

Arrived at Cincinnati. How rapid has been the advance of this western country. In 1803, deer-skin at the value of forty cents. per pound, were a legal tender; and if offered instead of money, could not be refused—even by a lawyer. Not fifty years ago, the woods which towered where Cincinnati is now built, resounded only to the cry of the wild animals of the forest, or the rifle of the Shawnee Indian: now Cincinnati contains a population of 40,000 inhabitants. It is a beautiful, well-built, clean town, reminding you more of Philadelphia than any other city in the Union. Situated on a hill on the banks of the Ohio, it is surrounded by a circular phalanx of other hills; so that look up and down the streets, whichever way you will, your eye reposes upon verdure and forest trees in the distance. The streets have a row of trees on each side, near the curb-stone; and most of the houses have a small frontage, filled with luxuriant flowering shrubs, of which the Althea Frutex is the most abundant. It is, properly

speaking a Yankee city, the majority of its inhabitants coming from the East; but they have intermarried, and blended with the Kentuckians of the opposite shore, a circumstance which is advantageous to the character of both.

There are, however, a large number of Dutch and German settlers here; they say 10,000. They are not much liked by the Americans; but have great influence, as may be conceived when it is stated that, when a motion was brought forward, in the Municipal Court, for the city regulations to be printed in German as well as English, it was lost by one vote only.

I was told a singular fact, which will prove how rapidly the value of land rises in this country as it becomes peopled. Fifty-six years ago, the major part of the land upon which the city of Cincinnati stands, and which is now worth many millions of dollars, was *swapped* away by the owner of it for a poney!! The man who made this unfortunate bargain is now alive, and living in or near Cincinnati.

Cincinnati is the pork-shop of the Union; and in the autumnal, and early winter months, the way in which they kill pigs here is, to use a Yankee phrase, *quite a caution.* Almost all the hogs fed in the oak forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and Western Virginia, are driven into this city, and some establishments kill as many as fifteen hundred a day; at least so I am told. They are despatched in a way quite surprising; and a pig is killed upon the same principle as a pin is made,—by division, or, more properly speaking, by combination of labour. The hogs confined in a large pen are driven into a smaller one; one man knocks them on the head with a sledge hammer, and then cuts their throats; two more pull away the carcase, when it is raised by two others, who tumble it into a tub of scalding water. His bristles are removed in about a minute and a half by another party; when the next duty is to fix a stretcher between his legs. It is then hoisted up by two other people, cut open, and

disembowelled; and in three minutes and a half from the time that the hog was grunting in his obesity, he has only to get cold before he is again packed up, and reunited in a barrel, to travel all over the world. By the bye, we laugh at the notion of pork and molasses. In the first place, the American pork is far superior to any that we ever have salted down; and, in the next, it eats uncommonly well with molasses. I have tasted it, and "*it is a fact.*" After all, why should we eat currant jelly with venison, and not allow the Americans the humble imitation of pork and molasses.

Mrs. Trollope's bazaar raises its head in a very imposing manner: it is composed of many varieties of architecture; but I think the order under which it must be classed is the *preposterous*. They call it Trollope's Folly; and it is remarkable how a shrewd woman like Mrs. Trollope should have committed such an error. A bazaar like an English bazaar is only to be supported in a city which has arrived at

the acme of luxury; where there are hundreds of people willing to be employed for a trifle; hundreds who will work at trifles, for want of better employment; and thousands who will spend money on trifles, merely to pass away their time. Now, in America, in the first place, there is no one who makes trifles; no one who will devote their time, as sellers of the articles, unless well compensated; and no one who will be induced, either by fashion or idleness, to give a halfpenny more for a thing than it is worth. In consequence, nothing was sent to Mrs. Trollope's bazaar. She had to furnish it from the shops, and had to pay very high salaries to the young women who attended; and the people of Cincinnati, aware that the same articles were to be purchased at the stores for less money, preferred going to the stores. No wonder, then, that it was a failure: it is now used as a dancing academy, and occasionally as an assembly-room.

Whatever the society of Cincinnati may have

been at the time that Mrs. Trollope resided there, I cannot pretend to say; probably some change may have taken place in it; but at present it is as good as any in the Union, and infinitely more agreeable than in some other cities, as in it there is a mixture of the southern frankness of character. A lady, who had long resided at Cincinnati, told me that they were not angry with Mrs. Trollope for having described the society which she saw, but for having asserted, that that was the best society: and she further remarked,—"It is fair to us that it should be understood that when Mrs. Trollope came here, she was quite unknown, except inasmuch as that she was a married woman, travelling without her husband. In a small society, as ours was, it was not surprising, therefore, that we should be cautious about receiving a lady who, in our opinion, was offending against *les biensèances*. Observe, *we do not accuse Mrs. Trollope of any impropriety;* but you must be aware how necessary it is, in this country, to be regardful

of appearances, and how afraid every one is of their neighbour. Mrs. Trollope then took a cottage on the hill, and used to come down to the city to market, and attend to the erection of her bazaar. I have now told you all that we know about her, and the reason why she did not receive those attentions, the omission of which caused her indignation." I think it but fair that the lady's explanation should be given, as Mrs. Trollope is considered to have been very severe and very unjust by the inhabitants of Cincinnati.

The fact is, that Mrs. Trollope's representation of the manners and custom of Cincinnati, at the period when she wrote, was probably more correct than the present inhabitants of the city will allow: that it would be a libel upon the Cincinnatans of the present day is certain; whether it was one at the time she wrote, and the city was, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, is quite another affair. However, one thing is certain, which is, that the Americans have quite forgiven Mrs. Trollope, and if she

were again to cross the water, I think she would be well received. Her book made them laugh, though at their own expense; and the Americans, although appearances are certainly very much against it, are really, at the bottom, a very good tempered people.

The heat has been this year very remarkable all over the Western country, and the drought equally uncommon, the thermometer standing from 100° to 106°, in the shade, every where from St. Peters to New Orleans. It is very dangerous to drink iced water, and many have died from yielding to the temptation. One young man came into the bar of the hotel where I resided, drank a glass of water, and fell down dead at the porch. This reminds me of an ingenious plan put in practice by a fellow who had drunk every cent out of his pocket, and was as thirsty as ever. The best remedy, in case of a person being taken ill from drinking cold water, is to pour brandy down his throat immediately. Aware of this, the fellow used to go

to one of the pumps, pump away, and pretend to drink water in large quantities; he would then fall down by the pump, as if he had been taken suddenly ill; out would run people from every house, with brandy, and pour it down his throat till even he had had enough; he would then pretend gradually to recover, thank them for their kindness and walk away. When he required another dose, he would perform the same farce at another pump; and this he continued to do for some time, before his trick was discovered.

I had two good specimens of democracy during my stay in this city. I sent for a tailor to take my measure for a coat, and he returned for answer, that such a proceeding was not *republican*, and that I must *go to him*.

A young lady, with whom I was acquainted, was married during the time I was there, and the marriage-party went a short tour. On their return, when but a few miles from the city, they ordered the driver of the carriage to put his

horses to, that they might proceed; he replied that he would take them no further. On inquiring the cause of his refusal, he said that he had not been treated as a gentleman; that they had had private meals every day, and had not asked him to the table; that they had used him very ill, and that he would drive no more. Things appear to be fast verging to the year 1920, or thereabouts, as described by Theodore Hook. A duchess wishing for a drive, the old mare sends an answer from the stable, that "She'll be d——d if she'll go out to-day."

Left Cincinnati, in a very small steam-boat, for Guyandotte, on my way to the Virginia Springs. I have often heard the expression of "Hell afloat" applied to very uncomfortable ships in the service, but this metaphor ought to have been reserved for a small high-pressure steam-boat in the summer months in America; the sun darting his fierce rays down upon the roof above you, which is only half-inch plank, and rendering it so hot that you quickly remove

your hand if, by chance, you put it there; the deck beneath your feet so heated by the furnaces below that you cannot walk with slippers; you are panting and exhausted between these two fires, without a breath of air to cool your forehead. Go forward, and the chimnies radiate a heat which is even more intolerable. Go—but there is no where to go, except overboard, and then you lose your passage. It is, really, a fiery furnace, and, day or night, it is in vain to seek a cool retreat. As we proceeded up the river, things became worse. We had not proceeded more than twenty miles, when a larger steamboat, which had started an hour before us, was discovered aground on a bar, which, from the low state of the river, she could not pass. After a parley between the captains, we went alongside and took out all her passengers, amounting to upwards of a hundred, being more than we were on board of our own vessel. But they behaved like pirates, and treated us just as if we had been a captured vessel. Dinner was

just ready; they sat down and took possession of it, leaving us to wait till the table was replenished. A young Englishman had just taken his seat by me, when a very queer-looking man came up to him and begged that he would give up his place to a *lady*. Aware of the custom of the country, he immediately resigned his seat, and went to look for another. When the lady took her seat by me I involuntarily drew my chair to a more respectful distance, there being something so particularly uninviting in her ladyship's appearance. On our arrival at Maysville, this lady, with her gentleman, told the captain that they were sorry they had not a cent wherewith to defray the expenses of their passage. Their luggage had been landed before this declaration was made, but it was immediately ordered on board again by the captain; and as, of course, they would not part with their goods and chattels, they remained on board of the boat. The captain took them up the river about

twenty miles further, and then landed them on the bank, with their luggage, to find their way back to Maysville how they could. This is the usual punishment for such mal-practices; but, after all, it is only the punishment of delay, as they would hail the first boat which came down the river, make out a piteous tale of ill-treatment, be received on board, and landed at their destination.

This reminds me of a clever trick played by a Yankee pedlar upon one of the captains of the steam-boats running from New York to Albany on the Hudson river. The Yankee was fully aware of this custom of putting people on shore who attempted to gain a passage for nothing, and his destination was to a place called Pough Keepsie, about halfway between New York and Albany. He, therefore, waited very quietly until he was within a mile or two of Pough Keepsie, and then went up to the captain.—"Well, now, Captain, I like to do things on the square, that's a fact;—I might

have said nothing to you, and run up all the way to Albany—and to Albany I must go on most particular business—that's a fact; but I thought it more honourable-like to tell you at once—I hav'nt got a cent in my pocket; I've been unfortunate; but, by the 'tarnal I'll pay you my passage-money as soon as I get it. You see I tell you now, that you may'nt say that I cheat you; for pay you I will as soon as I can, that's a fact." The captain, indignant, as usual, at being tricked, called him certain names, swore a small quantity, and as soon as he arrived at Pough Keepsie, as a punishment put him ashore at the very place the keen Yankee wished to be landed at.

The Ohio river becomes much more rapid as you ascend. Abreast of Guyandotte, where we landed, the current was so strong that it was very difficult for men to wade across it, and the steam-boats running against the stream could not gain more than a mile in the course of half an hour.

On board of this steam-boat was a negro woman, very neatly dressed, with a very good-looking negro child, about nine months old, in her arms. It was of the darkest ebony in colour, and its dress rather surprised me. It was a chali frock, of a neat fawn coloured pattern, with fine muslin trousers edged with Valenciennes lace at the bottom; and very pretty did its little tiny black feet look, relieved by these expensive *un*necessaries. I did not inquire who the young gentleman was; but I thought what pleasure the sight of him would have given Miss Martineau, who, as I have before observed, exclaims, "Happy is the country where factory-girls carry parasols, and pig-drivers wear spectacles." How much more happy must be that country where a little black boy, of nine months old, wears Valenciennes lace at the bottom of his trousers! It is, however, a question of figures, and may be solved, not by the rule of three, but by the rule of five, which follows it in the arithmetic-book.

If a pig-driver : produces so much : : a little black boy
with spectacles happiness, Valenciennes lace.

I leave Miss Martineau to make the calculation.

CHAPTER X.

THERE is extreme beauty in the Ohio river. As may be supposed, where the rise and fall are so great the banks are very steep; and, now that the water is low, it appears deeply embedded in the wild forest scenery through which it flows. The whole stream is alive with small fresh-water turtle, who play on the surface of its clear water; while the most beautiful varieties of the butterfly tribe cross over from one side to the other, from the slave-States to the free—their liberty, at all events, not being interfered with as, on the free side, it would be thought absurd to catch what would not produce a cent; while, on the slaves', their idleness and their indifference to them are their security.

Set off, one of nine, in a stage-coach, for the

Blue Sulphur springs. The country, which is very picturesque, has been already described. It is one continuation of rising ground, through mountains covered with trees and verdure. Nature is excessively fond of drapery in America: I have never yet fallen in with a naked rock. She clothes every thing; and although you may occasionally meet with a slight nudity, it is no more than the exposure of the neck or the bare feet of the mountain-nymph. This ridge of the Alleghanies is very steep; but you have no distinct view as you climb up, not even at the Hawk's Nest, where you merely peep down into the ravine below. You are jammed up in the forests through which you pass nearly the whole of the way; and it was deligthful to arrive at any level, and fall in with the houses and well-tilled fields of the Virginian farmers, exhibiting every proof of prosperity and ease. The heat was dreadful; two horses fell dead, and I thought that many others would have

died, for two of the wheels were defective, and the labour of the poor animals, in dragging us constantly up hill, was most severe.

The indifference of the proprietors of public conveyances in America as to the safety of their passengers, can only be accounted for by the extreme indifference of the passengers themselves, and the independent feeling shewn by every class, who, whatever may be their profession, will never acknowledge themselves to be what we term the servants of the public. Here was an instance. The coach we were put into was defective in two of its wheels, and could only be repaired at Louisburg, about a hundred miles distant. Instead of sending it on to that town empty, as would have been done by our coach proprietors, and providing another (as they had plenty), for the passengers; instead of this, in order to save the extra trouble and expense, they risked the lives of the passengers on a road with a precipice on one side of it for at least four-fifths of the way. One of the

wheels would not hold the grease, and creaked most ominously during the whole journey; and we were obliged to stop and pour water on it continually. The box and irons of the other were loose, and before we were half way it came off, and we were obliged to stop and get out. But the Americans are never at a loss when they are in a *fix*. The passengers borrowed an axe; in a short time wedges were cut from one of the trees at the road-side, and the wheel was so well repaired that it lasted us the remainder of our journey.

Our road for some time lay through the valley of Kenawha, through which runs the river of that name—a strong, clear stream. It is hemmed in by mountains on each side of it; and here, perhaps, is presented the most curious varieties of mineral produce that ever were combined in one locality. The river runs over a bed of horizontal calcareous strata, and by perforating this strata about forty or fifty feet below the level of the river, you arrive at salt-

springs, the waters of which are pumped up by small steam-engines, and boiled down into salt in buildings erected on the river's banks. The mountains which hem in the river are one mass of coal; a gallery is opened at that part of the foot of the mountain most convenient to the buildings, and the coal is thrown down by shoots or small railways. Here you have coal for your fuel; salt water under fresh; and as soon as the salt is put into the barrels (which are also made from the mountain timber), the river is all ready to transplant them down to the Ohio. But there is another great curiosity in this valley: these beds of coal have produced springs, as they are termed, of carburetted hydrogen gas, which run along the banks of the river close to the water's-edge. The negroes take advantage of these springs when they come down at night to wash clothes; they set fire to the springs, which yield them sufficient light for their work. The one which I examined was dry, and the gas bubbled up through the

sand. By kicking the sand about, so as to make communications after I had lighted the gas, I obtained a very large flame, which I left burning.

The heat, as we ascended, was excessive, and the passengers availed themselves of every spring, with the exception of those just described, that they fell in with on the route. We drank of every variety of water excepting pure water—sometimes iron, sometimes sulphur; and, indeed, every kind of chalybeate, for every rill was impregnated in some way or another. At last, it occurred to me that there were such things as chemical affinities, and that there was no saying what changes might take place by the admixture of such a variety of metals and gasses, so I drank no more. I did not like, however, to interfere with the happiness of others, so I did not communicate my ideas to my fellow-passengers, who continued drinking during the whole day; and as I afterwards found out, did not sleep very well that

night; they were, moreover, very sparing in the use of them the next day.

There are a great variety of springs already discovered on these mountains, and probably there will be a great many more. Already they have the blue, the white, and the red sulphur springs; the sweet and the salt; the warm and the hot, all of which have their several virtues; but the greatest virtue of all these mineral springs is, as in England and every where else, that they occasion people to live regularly, to be moderate in the use of wine, and to dwell in a pure and wholesome air. They always remind me of the eastern story of the Dervise, who, being sent for by a king who had injured his health by continual indulgence, gave him a racket-ball, which he informed the king possessed wonderful medicinal virtues; with this ball his majesty was to play at racket two or three hours every day with his courtiers. The exercise it induced, which was the only medicinal virtue the ball pos-

sessed, restored the king to health. So it is with all watering places: it is not so much the use of the water, as the abstinence from what is pernicious, together with exercise and early hours, which effect the majority of cures.

We arrived first at the blue sulphur springs, and I remained there for one day to get rid of the dust of travelling. They have a very excellent hotel there, with a ball-room, which is open till eleven o'clock every night; the scenery is very pretty, and the company was good—as indeed is the company at all these springs, for they are too distant, and the travelling too expensive for every body to get there. But the blue sulphur are not fashionable, and the consequence was, we were not crowded, and were very comfortable. People who cannot get accommodated at the white sulphur, remain here until they can, the distance between them being only twenty-two miles.

The only springs which are fashionable are the white sulphur, and as these springs are a

feature in American society, I shall describe them more particularly.

They are situated in a small valley, many hundred feet above the level of the sea, and are of about fifteen or twenty acres in area, surrounded by small hills, covered with foliage to their summits: at one end of the valley is the hotel, with the large dining-room for all the visitors. Close to the hotel, but in another building, is the ball-room, and a little below the hotel on the other side, is the spring itself; but beautiful as is the whole scenery, the great charm of this watering place is, the way in which those live who visit it. The rises of the hills which surround the valley are covered with little cottages, log-houses, and other picturesque buildings, sometimes in rows, and ornamented with verandhas, without a second story above, or kitchen below. Some are very elegant and more commodious than the rest, having been built by gentlemen who have the right given to them by the company

to whom the springs belong, of occupying them themselves when there, but not of preventing others from taking possession of them in their absence. The dinners and other meals are, generally speaking, bad; not that there is not a plentiful supply, but that it is so difficult to supply seven hundred people sitting down in one room. In the morning, they all turn out from their little burrows, meet in the public walks, and go down to the spring before breakfast; during the forenoon, when it is too warm, they remain at home; after dinner they ride out or pay visits, and then end the day, either at the ball-room, or in little societies among one another. There is no want of handsome equipages, many four in hand (Virginny long tails) and every accommodation for these equipages. The crowd is very great, and it is astonishing what inconvenience people will submit to, rather than not be accommodated somehow or another. Every cabin is like a rabbit burrow. In the one next to where I was

lodged, in a room about fourteen feet square, and partitioned off as well as it could be, there slept a gentleman and his wife, his sister and brother, and a female servant. I am not sure that the nigger was not under the bed—at all events, the young sister told me that it was not at all pleasant.

There is a sort of major-domo here who regulates every department: his word is law, and his fiat immoveable, and he presumes not a little upon his power; a circumstance not to be surprised at, as he is as much courted and is as despotic as all the lady patronesses of Almacks rolled into one. He is called the Metternich of the mountains. No one is allowed accommodation at these springs who is not known, and generally speaking, only those families who travel in their private carriages. It is at this place that you feel how excessively aristocratical and exclusive the Americans would be, and indeed will be, in spite of their institutions. Spa, in its palmiest days, when princes had to sleep in

their carriages at the doors of the hotels, was not more in vogue than are these white sulphur springs with the *élite* of the United States. And it is here, and here only, in the States, that you do meet with what may be fairly considered as select society, for at Washington there is a great mixture. Of course all the celebrated belles of the different States are to be met with here, as well as all the large fortunes, nor is there a scarcity of pretty and wealthy widows. The president, Mrs. Caton, the mother of Lady Wellesley, Lady Strafford, and Lady Caermarthen, the daughter of Carrol, of Carroltown, one of the real aristocracy of America, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and all the first old Virginian and Carolina families, many of them descendants of the old cavaliers, were at the springs when I arrived there; and I certainly must say that I never was at any watering-place in England where the company was so good and so select as at the Virginia springs in America.

I passed many pleasant days at this beautiful spot, and was almost as unwilling to leave it as I was to part with the Sioux Indians at St. Peters. Refinement and simplicity are equally charming. I was introduced to a very beautiful girl here, whom I should not have mentioned so particularly, had it not been that she was the first and only lady in America that I observed to *whittle*. She was sitting one fine morning on a wooden bench, surrounded by admirers, and as she carved away her seat with her pen-knife, so did she cut deep into the hearts of those who listened to her lively conversation.

There are, as may be supposed, a large number of negro servants here attending their masters and mistresses. I have often been amused, not only here, but during my residence in Kentucky, at the high-sounding Christian names which have been given to them. "Byron, tell Ada to come here directly." "Now, *Telemachus*, if you don't leave *Calypso* alone, you'll get a taste of the *cow-hide*.'

Among others, attracted to the springs professionally, was a very clever German painter, who, like all Germans, had a very correct ear for music. He had painted a kitchen-dance in Old Virginia, and in the picture he had introduced all the well-known coloured people in the place; among the rest were the band of musicians, but I observed that one man was missing. "Why did you not put him in," inquired I. "Why, Sir, I could not put him in; it was impossible; he never *plays in tune.* Why, if I put him in, Sir, he would spoil the *harmony* of my whole picture!"

I asked this artist how he got on in America. He replied, "But so-so; the Americans in general do not estimate genius. They come to me and ask what I want for my pictures, and I tell them. Then they say, 'how long did it take you to paint it?' I answer 'so many days.' Well, then they calculate and say, 'if it took you only so many days, you ask so many dollars a-day

for your work; you ask a great deal too much; you ought to be content with so much per day, and I will give you that.' So that, thought I, invention, and years of study, go for nothing with these people. There is only one way to dispose of a picture in America, and that is, to raffle it; the Americans will then run the chance of getting it. If you do not like to part with your pictures in that way, you must paint portraits; people will purchase their own faces all over the world: the worst of it is, that in this country, they will purchase nothing else.

During my stay here I was told of one of the most remarkable instances that perhaps ever occurred, of the discovery of a fact by the party from whom it was of the utmost importance to conceal it—a very pretty interesting young widow. She had married a promising young man, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who, a few months after the marriage, unfortunately fell in a duel. Aware that the knowledge of the cause of her husband's death would

render the blow still more severe to her, (the ball having passed through the eye into his brain, and there being no evident gun-shot wound), her relations informed her that he had been thrown from his horse and killed by the fall. She believed them. She was living in the country; when, about nine months after her widowhood, her brother rode down to see her, and as soon as he arrived went into his room to shave and dress. The window of his room, which was on the ground-floor, looked out upon the garden, and it being summer time, it was open. He tore off a portion of an old newspaper to wipe his razor. The breeze caught it, and carried it away into the garden until it stopped at the feet of his sister, who happened to be walking. Mechanically she took up the fragment, and perceiving her husband's name upon it she read it. It contained a full account of the duel in which he lost his life! The shock she received was so great that it unsettled her mind for nearly two years. She had but just recovered,

and for the first time re-appeared in public, when she was pointed out to me.

Returning to Guyandotte one of the travellers wished to see the view from the Hawk's Nest, or rather wished to be able to say that he had seen it. We passed the spot when it was quite dark, but he persisted in going there, and to help his vision, borrowed one of the coach-lamps from the driver. He returned, and declared that with the assistance of the lamp he had had a very excellent view, down a precipice of several hundred feet. His bird's-eye view by candle-light must have been very extensive. After all, it is but to be able to say that they have been to such a place, or have seen such a thing, that, more than any real taste for it, induces the majority of the world to incur the trouble and fatigue of travelling.

CHAPTER XI.

I was informed that a camp meeting was to be held about seven miles from Cincinnati, and, anxious to verify the accounts I had heard of them, I availed myself of this opportunity of deciding for myself. We proceeded about five miles on the high road, and then diverged by a cross-road until we arrived at a steep conical hill, crowned with splendid forest trees without underwood; the trees being sufficiently apart to admit of waggons and other vehicles to pass in every direction. The camp was raised upon the summit of this hill, a piece of table-land comprising many acres. About an acre and a half was surrounded on the four sides by cabins built up of rough boards; the whole area in the centre was fitted up with planks, laid about a foot from the ground, as seats. At one end, but not close to the cabins, was a raised stand, which served

as a pulpit for the preachers, one of them praying, while five or six others sat down behind him on benches. There was ingress to the area by the four corners; the whole of it was shaded by vast forest trees, which ran up to the height of fifty or sixty feet without throwing out a branch; and to the trunks of these trees were fixed lamps in every direction, for the continuance of service by night. Outside the area, which may be designated as the church, were hundreds of tents pitched in every quarter, their snowy whiteness contrasting beautifully with the deep verdure and gloom of the forest. These were the temporary habitations of those who had come many miles to attend the meeting, and who remained there from the commencement until it concluded —usually a period of from ten to twelve days, but often much longer. The tents were furnished with every article necessary for cooking; mattrasses to sleep upon, &c.; some of them even had bedsteads and chests of drawers, which had been brought in the waggons in which the peo-

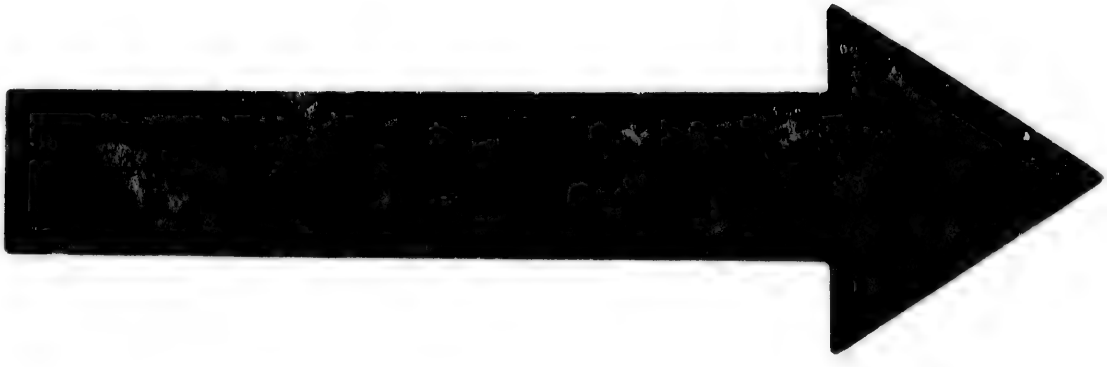
ple in this country usually travel. At a farther distance were all the waggons and other vehicles which had conveyed the people to the meeting, whilst hundreds of horses were tethered under the trees, and plentifully provided with forage. Such were the general outlines of a most interesting and beautiful scene.

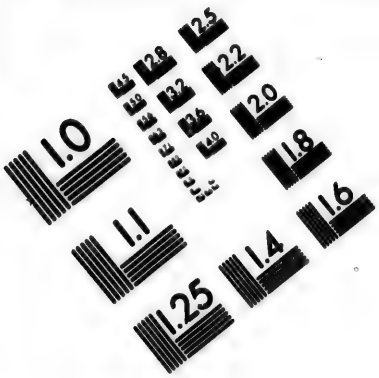
Where, indeed, could so magnificent a temple to the Lord be raised as on this lofty hill, crowned as it was with such majestic verdure. Compared with these giants of the forest, the cabins and tents of the multitude appeared as insignificant and contemptible as almost would man himself in the presence of the Deity. Many generations of men must have been mowed down before the arrival of these enormous trees to their present state of maturity; and at the time they sent forth their first shoots, probably there were not on the whole of this continent, now teeming with millions, as many white men as are now assembled on this field. I walked about for some time surveying the panorama,

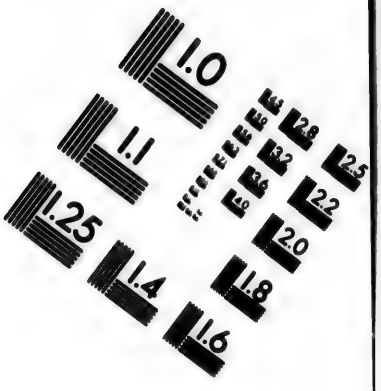
when I returned to the area, and took my seat upon a bench. In one quarter the coloured population had collected themselves; their tents appeared to be better furnished and better supplied with comforts than most of those belonging to the whites. I put my head into one of the tents, and discovered a sable damsel lying on a bed, and singing hymns in a loud voice.

The major portion of those not in the area were cooking the dinners. Fires were burning in every direction: pots boiling, chickens roasting, hams seething; indeed there appeared to be no want of creature comforts.

But the trumpet sounded, as in days of yore, as a signal that the service was about to re-commence, and I went into the area and took my seat. One of the preachers rose and gave out a hymn, which was sung by the congregation, amounting to about seven or eight hundred. After the singing of the hymn was concluded he commenced an extempore sermon: it was good, sound doctrine, and, although







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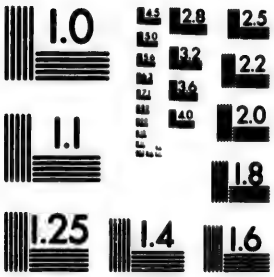

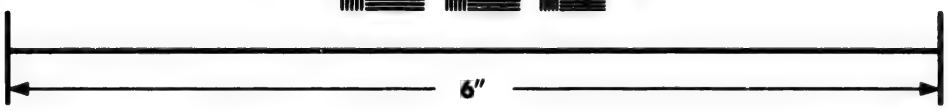

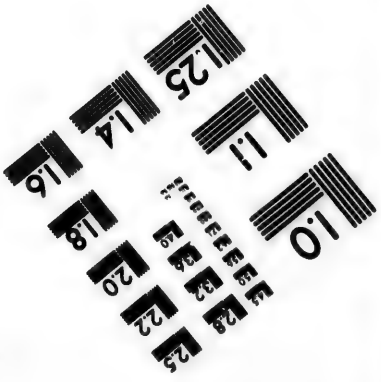

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Methodism, it was Methodism of the mildest tone, and divested of its bitterness of denunciation, as indeed is generally the case with Methodism in America. I heard nothing which could be offensive to any other sect, or which could be considered objectionable by the most orthodox, and I began to doubt whether such scenes as had been described to me did really take place at these meetings. A prayer followed, and after about two hours the congregation were dismissed to their dinners, being first informed that the service would recommence at two o'clock at the sound of the trumpet. In front of the pulpit there was a space railed off, and strewed with straw, which I was told was the *Anxious seat*, and on which sat those who were touched by their consciences or the discourse of the preacher; but, although there were several sitting on it, I did not perceive any emotion on the part of the occupants: they were attentive, but nothing more.

When I first examined the area I saw a

very large tent at one corner of it, probably fifty feet long, by twenty wide. It was open at the end, and, being full of straw, I concluded it was used as a sleeping-place for those who had not provided themselves with separate accommodation. About an hour after the service was over, perceiving many people directing their steps towards it, I followed them. On one side of the tent were about twenty females, mostly young, squatted down on the straw; on the other a few men; in the centre was a long form, against which were some other men kneeling, with their faces covered with their hands, as if occupied in prayer. Gradually the numbers increased, girl after girl dropped down upon the straw on the one side, and men on the other. At last an elderly man gave out a hymn, which was sung with peculiar energy; then another knelt down in the centre, and commenced a prayer, shutting his eyes (as I have observed most clergymen in the United States do when they pray) and raising his hands above

his head; then another burst out into a prayer, and another followed him; then their voices became all confused together; and then were heard the more silvery tones of woman's supplication. As the din increased so did their enthusiasm; handkerchiefs were raised to bright eyes, and sobs were intermingled with prayers and ejaculations. It became a scene of Babel; more than twenty men and women were crying out at the highest pitch of their voices, and trying apparently to be heard above the others. Every minute the excitement increased; some wrung their hands and called for mercy; some tore their hair; boys lay down crying bitterly, with their heads buried in the straw; there was sobbing almost to suffocation, and hysterics and deep agony. One young man clung to the form, crying, "Satan tears at me, but I will hold fast. Help—help, he drags me down!" It was a scene of horrible agony and despair; and, when it was at its height, one of the preachers came in, and, raising his voice high above the tumult,

intreated the Lord to receive into his fold those who now repented and would fain return. Another of the ministers knelt down by some young men, whose faces were covered up and who appeared to be almost in a state of phrenzy; and putting his hands upon them, poured forth an energetic prayer, well calculated to work upon their over excited feelings. Groans, ejaculations, broken sobs, frantic motions and convulsions succeeded; some fell on their backs with their eyes closed, waving their hands with a slow motion, and crying out—"Glory, glory, glory!" I quitted the spot, and hastened away into the forest, for the sight was too painful, too melancholy. Its sincerity could not be doubted, but it was the effect of over-excitement, not of sober reasoning. Could such violence of feeling have been produced had each party retired to commune alone?—most surely not. It was a fever created by collision and contact, of the same nature as that which stimulates a mob to deeds of blood and horror.

Gregarious animals are by nature inoffensive. The cruel and the savage live apart, and in solitude; but the gregarious, upheld and stimulated by each other, become formidable. So it is with man.

I was told that the scene would be much more interesting and exciting after the lamps were lighted; but I had seen quite enough of it. It was too serious to laugh at, and I felt that it was not for me to condemn. "Cry aloud, and spare not," was the exhortation of the preacher; and certainly, if heaven is only to be taken by storm, he was a proper leader for his congregation.

Whatever may be the opinion of the reader as to the meeting which I have described, it is certain that nothing could be more laudable than the intention by which these meetings were originated. At the first settling of the country the people were widely scattered, and the truths of the Gospel, owing to the scarcity of preachers, but seldom heard. It was to remedy this

unavoidable evil that they agreed, like the Christians in earlier times, to collect together from all quarters, and pass many days in meditation and prayer, "exhorting one another,—comforting one another." Even now it is not uncommon for the settlers in Indiana and Illinois to travel one hundred miles in their waggons to attend one of these meetings,—meetings which are now too often sullied by fanaticism on the one hand, and on the other by the levity and infidelity of those who go not to pray, but to scoff; or to indulge in the licentiousness which, it is said, but too often follows, when night has thrown her veil over the scene.

CHAPTER XII.

LEXINGTON, the capital of the State, is embosomed in the very heart of the vale of Kentucky. This vale was the favourite hunting-ground of the Indians; and a fairer country for the chase could not well be imagined than this rolling, well-wooded, luxuriant valley, extending from hill to hill, from dale to dale, for so many long miles. No wonder that the Indians fought so hard to retain, or the Virginians to acquire it; nor was it until much blood had saturated the ground, many reeking scalps had been torn from the head, and many a mother and her children murdered at their hearths, that the contest was relinquished. So severe were the struggles, that the ground obtained the name of the "Bloody Ground." But the strife is over; the red man has been exterminated, and peace and plenty now reign

over this smiling country. It is indeed a beautiful and bounteous land; on the whole, the most eligible in the Union. The valley is seven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and, therefore, not so subject to fevers as the States of Indiana and Illinois, and indeed that portion of its own State which borders on the Mississippi. But all the rest of the Kentucky land is by no means equal in richness of soil to that of this valley. There are about ninety counties in the State, of which about thirty are of rich land; but four of them, namely, Fayette, Bourbon, Scotts, and Woodford, are the finest. The whole of these four counties are held by large proprietors, who graze and breed stock to a very great extent, supplying the whole of the Western States with the best description of every kind of cattle. Cattle-shows are held every year, and high prizes awarded to the owners of the finest beasts which are there produced. The State of Kentucky, as well as Virginia, is in fact an agricultural and grazing

State; the pasture is very rich, and studded with oak and other timber, as in the manner I have described in Ioway and Wisconsin. The staples of Kentucky are hemp and mules; the latter are in such demand for the south that they can hardly produce them fast enough for the market. The minimum price of a three-year old mule is about eighty dollars; the maximum usually one hundred and sixty dollars, or thirty-five pounds, but they often fetch much higher prices. I saw a pair in harness, well matched, and about seventeen hands high, for which they refused one thousand dollars—upwards of two hundred pounds.

The cattle-show took place when I was at Lexington. That of horned beasts I was too late for; but the second day I went to the exhibition of thorough-bred horses. The premiums were for the best two-year old, yearlings, and colts, and many of them were very fine animals. The third day was for the exhibition of mules; which, on account of size there being

a great desideratum, are bred only from mares: the full-grown averaged from fifteen to sixteen hands high, but they have often been known to be seventeen hands high. I had seen them quite as large in a nobleman's carriage in the south of Spain; but then they were considered rare, and of great value. After all the other varieties of age had made their appearance, and the judges had given their decision, the mules foaled down this year were to be examined. As they were still sucking, it was necessary that the brood mares should be led into the inclosed paddock, where the animals were inspected, that the foals might be induced to follow: as soon as they were all in the enclosure the mares were sent out, leaving all the foals by themselves. At first they commenced a concert of wailing after their mothers, and then turned their lamentations into indignation and revenge upon each other. Such a ridiculous scene of kicking took place as I never before witnessed, about thirty of them being most seduloùsly engaged

in the occupation, all at the same time. I never saw such ill-behaved mules; it was quite impossible for the judges to decide upon the prize, for you could see nothing but heels in the air; it was rap, rap, rap, incessantly against one another's sides, until they were all turned out and the show was over. I rather think the prize must, in this instance, have been awarded to the one that kicked highest.

The fourth day was for the exhibition of jackasses, of two-year and one-year, and for foals, and jennies also; this sight was to me one of peculiar interest. Accustomed as we are in England to value a jackass at thirty shillings, we look down upon them with contempt; but here the case is reversed: you look up at them with surprise and admiration. Several were shewn standing fifteen hands high, with head and ears in proportion: the breed has been obtained from the Maltese jackass, crossed by those of Spain and the south of France. Those imported seldom average more than fourteen hands

high; but the Kentuckians, by great attention and care, have raised them up to fifteen hands, and sometimes even to sixteen.

But the price paid for these splendid animals, for such they really were, will prove how much they are in request. Warrior, a jackass of great celebrity, sold for 5,000 dollars, upwards of £1,000 sterling. Half of another jackass, Benjamin by name, was sold for 2,500 dollars. At the show I asked a gentleman what he wanted for a very beautiful female ass, only one year old; he said that he could have 1,000 dollars, £250 for her, but that he had refused that sum. For a two-year old jack, shewn during the exhibition, they asked 3,000 dollars, more than £600. I never felt such respect for donkeys before; but the fact is, that mule-breeding is so lucrative, that there is no price which a very large donkey will not command.

I afterwards went to a cattle sale a few miles out of the town. Don Juan, a two-year old bull, Durham breed, fetched 1,075 dollars; an

imported Durham cow, with her calf, 985 dollars. Before I arrived, a bull and cow fetched 1,300 dollars each of them, about £280. The cause of this is, that the demand for good stock, now that the Western States are filling up, becomes so great, that they cannot be produced fast enough. Mr. Clay, who resides near Lexington, is one of the best breeders in the State, which is much indebted to him for the fine stock which he has imported from England.

Another sale took place, which I attended, and I quote the prices:—Yearling bull, 1,000 dollars; ditto heifer, 1,500. Cows, of full Durham blood, but bred in Kentucky, 1,245 dollars; ditto, 1,235 dollars. Imported cow and calf, 2,100 dollars.

It must be considered, that although a good Durham cow will not cost more than twenty guineas perhaps in England, the expences of transport are very great, and they generally stand in, to the importers, about 600 dollars, before they arrive at the State of Kentucky.

But to prove that the Kentuckians are fully justified in giving the prices they do, I will shew what was the profit made upon an old cow before she was sold for 400 dollars. I had a statement from her proprietor, who had her in his possession for nine years. She was a full bred cow, and during the time that he had held her in his possession, she had cleared him 15,000 dollars by the sale of her progeny: As follows:—

Years.	Calves.	Second Generation.	Third Generation.	Fourth Generation.
1	1			
2	1			
3	1	1		
4	1	1		
5	1	1	1	
6	1	1	1	
7	1	1	1	1
8	1	1	1	1
9	1	1	1	1
	9	7	5	3

Total, 24—

averaging 625 dollars a head, which is by no

means a large price, as the two cows, which sold at the sale for 1,235, and 1,225 dollars, were a part of her issue.

Lexington is a very pretty town, with very pleasant society, and afforded me great relief after the unpleasant sojourn I had had at Louisville. Conversing one day with Mr. Clay, I had another instance given me of the mischief which the conduct of Miss Martineau has entailed upon all those English who may happen to visit America. Mr. Clay observed that Miss Martineau had remained with him for some time, and that during her stay, she had professed very different, or at least more modified opinions on the subject of slavery, than those she has expressed in her book: so much so, that one day, having read a letter from Boston cautioning her against being cajoled by the hospitality and pleasant society of the Western States, she handed it to him saying, "They want to make a regular abolitionist of me." "When her work came out," continued Mr. Clay, "although I read

but very little of it, I turned to this subject so important with us, and I must say I was a little surprised to find that she had so changed her opinions." The fact is, Miss Martineau appears to have been what the Kentuckians call, "playing 'possum." I have met with some of the Southern ladies whose conversations on slavery are said, or supposed, to have been those printed by Miss Martineau, and they deny that they are correct. That the Southern ladies are very apt to express great horror at living too long a time at the plantations, is very certain; not, however, because they expect to be murdered in their beds by the slaves, as they tell their husbands, but because they are anxious to spend more of their time at the cities, where they can enjoy more luxury and amusement than can be procured at the plantations.

Everybody rides in Virginia and Kentucky, master, man, woman, and slave, and they all ride well: it is quite as common to meet a woman on horseback as a man, and it is a pretty sight

in their States to walk by the church doors and see them all arrive. The churches have stables, or rather sheds, built close to them, for the accommodation of the cattle.

Elopements in these States are all made on horseback. The goal to be obtained is to cross to the other side of the Ohio. The consequence is that it is a regular steeple-chase; the young couple clearing everything, father and brothers following. Whether it is that, having the choice, the young people are the best mounted, I know not, but the runaways are seldom overtaken. One couple crossed the Ohio when I was at Cincinnati, and had just time to tie the noose before their pursuers arrived.

At Lexington, on Sunday, there is not a carriage or horse to be obtained by a white man for any consideration, they having all been regularly engaged for that day by the negro slaves, who go out junketting in every direction. Where they get the money I do not know; but certain it is, that it is always produced when

required. I was waiting at the counter of a sort of pastry-cook's, when three negro lads, about twelve or fourteen years old, came in, and, in a most authoritative tone, ordered three glasses of soda-water.

Returned to Louisville.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE is one great inconvenience in American travelling, arising from the uncertainty of river navigation. Excepting the Lower Mississippi and the Hudson, and not always the latter, the communication by water is obstructed during a considerable portion of the year, by ice in the winter, or a deficiency of water in the dry season. This has been a remarkable season for heat and drought; and thousands of people remain in the States of Ohio, Virginia, and Kentucky, who are most anxious to return home. It must be understood, that during the unhealthy season in the southern States on the Mississippi, the planters, cotton-growers, slave holders, store-keepers, and indeed almost every class, excepting the slaves and overseers, migrate

to the northward, to escape the yellow fever, and spend a portion of their gains in amusement.

They go to Cincinnati and the towns of Ohio, to the Lakes occasionally, but principally to the cities and watering places of Virginia and Kentucky, more especially Louisville, where I now am; and Louisville, being also the sort of general rendezvous for departure south, is now crammed with southern people. The steamboats cannot run, for the river is almost dry; and I (as well as others) have been detained much longer on the banks of the Ohio than was my intention. There is land-carriage certainly, but the heat of the weather is so overpowering that even the Southerns dread it; and in consequence of this extreme heat the sickness in these western States has been much greater than usual. Even Kentucky, especially that part which borders on the Mississippi, which, generally speaking, is healthy, is now suffering under malignant fevers. I may here remark, that the two States, Illinois and Indiana, and

the western portions of Kentucky and Tennessee, are very unhealthy; not a year passes without a great mortality from the bilious congestive fever, a variety of the yellow fever, and the ague; more especially Illinois and Indiana, with the western portion of Ohio, which is equally flat with the other two States. The two States of Indiana and Illinois lie, as it were, at the bottom of the western basin; the soil is wonderfully rich, but the drainage is insufficient, as may be seen from the sluggishness with which these rivers flow. Many and many thousands of poor Irish emigrants, and settlers also, have been struck down by disease, never to rise again, in these rich but unhealthy States; to which, stimulated by the works published by land-speculators, thousands and thousands every year repair, and, notwithstanding the annual expenditure of life, rapidly increase the population. I had made up my mind to travel by land-carriage to St. Louis, Missouri, through the States of Indiana and Illinois, but two

American gentlemen, who had just arrived by that route, succeeded in dissuading me. They had come over on horseback. They described the disease and mortality as dreadful. That sometimes, when they wished to put up their horses at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, they were compelled to travel on till twelve or one o'clock before they could gain admittance, some portion in every house suffering under the bilious fever, tertian ague, or flux. They described the scene as quite appalling. At some houses there was not one person able to rise and attend upon the others; all were dying or dead; and to increase the misery of their situations, the springs had dried up, and in many places they could not procure water except by sending many miles. A friend of mine, who had been on a mission through the portion of Kentucky and Tennessee bordering on the Mississippi, made a very similar statement. He was not refused to remain where he stopped, but he could procure no assistance, and everywhere ran

the risk of contagion. He said that some of the people were obliged to send their negroes with a waggon upwards of fifteen miles to wash their clothes.

That this has been a very unhealthy season is certain, but still, from all the information I could obtain, there is a great mortality every year in the districts I have pointed out; and such indeed must be the case, from the miasma created every fall of the year in these rich alluvial soils, some portions of which have been worked for fifty years without the assistance of manure, and still yield abundant crops. It will be a long while before the drainage necessary to render them healthy can be accomplished. The sickly appearance of the inhabitants establishes but too well the facts related to me; and yet, strange to say, it would appear to be a provision of Providence, that a remarkable fecundity on the part of the women in the more healthy portions of their Western States, should meet the annual expenditure of life. Three children at a

birth are more common here than twins are in England; and they, generally speaking, are all reared up. There have been many instances of even four.

The western valley of America, of which the Mississippi may be considered as the common drain, must, from the surprising depth of the alluvial soil, have been (ages back) wholly under water, and, perhaps, by some convulsion raised up. What insects are we in our own estimation when we meditate upon such stupendous changes.

Since I have been in these States I have been surprised at the stream of emigration which appears to flow from North Carolina to Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Every hour you meet with a caravan of emigrants from that sterile but healthy state. Every night the banks of the Ohio are lighted up with their fires, where they have bivouacked previously to crossing the river; but they are not like the poor German or Irish settlers: they are well prepared, and have nothing to do, apparently, but to sit down upon their

land. These caravans consist of two or three covered waggons, full of women and children, furniture, and other necessaries, each drawn by a team of horses; brood mares, with foals by their sides, following; half a dozen or more ows, flanked on each side by the men, with their long rifles on their shoulders; sometimes a boy or two, or a half-grown girl on horseback. Occasionally they wear an appearance of more refinement and cultivation, as well as wealth, the principals travelling in a sort of worn-out old carriage, the remains of the competence of former days.

I often surmised, as they travelled cheerfully along, saluting me as they passed by, whether they would not repent their decision, and sigh for their pine barrens and heath, after they had discovered that with fertility they had to encounter such disease and mortality.

I have often heard it asserted by Englishmen, that America has no coal. There never was a greater mistake: she has an abundance,

and of the very finest that ever was seen. At Wheeling and Pitsburg, and on all the borders of the Ohio river above Guyandotte, they have an inexhaustable supply, equal to the very best offered to the London market. All the spurs of the Alleghany range appear to be one mass of coal. In the Eastern States the coal is of a different quality, although there is some very tolerable. The anthracite is bad, throwing out a strong sulphureous gas. The fact is that wood is at present cheaper than coal, and therefore the latter is not in demand. An American told me one day, that a company had been working a coal mine in an Eastern State, which proved to be of a very bad quality; they had sent some to an influential person as a present, requesting him to give his opinion of it, as that would be important to them. After a certain time he forwarded to them a certificate couched in such terms as these:—

"I do hereby certify that I have tried the coal sent me by the company at ———, and it

is my decided opinion, that when the general conflagration of the world shall take place, any man who will take his position on *that coal-mine* will certainly be the *last man* who will be *burnt.*"

I had to travel by coach for six days and nights, to arrive at Baltimore. As it may be supposed, I was not a little tired before my journey was half over; I therefore was glad when the coach stopped for a few hours, to throw off my coat, and lie down on a bed. At one town, where I had stopped, I had been reposing more than two hours when my door was opened—but this was too common a circumstance for me to think anything of it; the people would come into my room whether I was in bed or out of bed, dressed or not dressed, and if I expostulated, they would reply, "Never mind, *we* don't care, Captain." On this occasion I called out, "Well, what do you want?"

"Are you Captain M——?" said the person walking up to the bed were I was lying.

"Yes, I am," replied I.

"Well, I reckon I would'nt allow you to go through our town without seeing you any how. Of all the humans, you're the one I most wish to see."

I told him I was highly flattered.

"Well now," said he, giving a jump, and coming down right upon the bed in his great coat, "I'll just tell you; I said to the chap at the bar, 'Aint the Captain in your house?' 'Yes,' says he. 'Then where is he?' says I. 'Oh,' says he, 'he's gone into his own room, and locked himself up; he's a d—d aristocrat, and won't drink at the bar with other gentlemen.' So thought I, I've read M——'s works, and I'll be swamped if he is an aristocrat, and by the 'tarnal I'll go up and see; so here I am, and you're no aristocrat."

"I should think not," replied I, moving my feet away, which he was half sitting on.

"Oh, don't move; never mind me, Captain,

I'm quite comfortable. And how do you find yourself by this time?"

"Very tired indeed," replied I.

"I suspicion as much. Now, d'ye see, I left four or five good fellows down below who wish to see you; I said I'd go up first, and come down to them. The fact is, Captain, we don't like you should pass through our town without shewing you a little American hospitality."

So saying he slid off the bed, and went out of the room. In a minute he returned, bringing with him four or five others, all of whom he introduced by name, and reseated himself on my bed, while the others took chairs.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "as I was telling the Captain, we wish to show him a little American hospitality; what shall it be, gentlemen; what d'ye say—a bottle of Madeira?"

An immediate answer not being returned he continued,

"Yes, gentlemen, a bottle of Madeira; at

my expense, gentlemen, recollect that; now ring the bell."

"I shall be most happy to take a glass of wine with you," observed I, "but in my own room the wine must be at *my* expense."

"At *your* expense, Captain; well, if it must be, I don't care; at *your* expense then, Captain, if you say so; only you see, we must show you a little American hospitality, as I said to them all down below; did'nt I, gentlemen?"

The wine was ordered, and it ended in my hospitable friends drinking three bottles; and then they all shook hands with me, declaring how happy they should be if I came to the town again, and allowed them to show me a little more American hospitality.

There was something so very ridiculous in this event that I cannot help narrating it; but let it not be supposed, for a moment, that I intend it as a sarcasm upon American hospitality in general. There certainly are conditions usually attached to their hospitality, if you wish to

profit by it to any extent; and one is, that you do not venture to find fault with themselves, their manners, or their institutions.

Note.—That a guest, partaking of their hospitality, should give his opinions unasked, and find fault, would be in very bad taste, to say the least of it. But the fault in America is, that you are compelled to give an opinion, and you cannot escape by a doubtful reply: as the American said to me in Philadelphia, "I wish a *categorical* answer." Thus, should you not agree with them, you are placed upon the horns of a dilemma: either you must affront the company, or sacrifice truth.

END OF DIARY.

REMARKS,

&c. &c.

LANGUAGE.

THE Americans boldly assert that they speak better English than we do, and I was rather surprised not to find a statistical table to that effect in Mr. Carey's publication. What I believe the Americans would imply by the above assertion is, that you may travel through all the United States and find less difficulty in understanding, or in being understood, than in some of the counties of England, such as Cornwall, Devonshire, Lancashire, and Suffolk. So far they are correct; but it is remarkable how very debased the language has become in a short period in America. There are few provincial dialects in England much less intelligible than the following. A Yankee girl, who

wished to hire herself out, was asked if she had any followers, or sweethearts? After a little hesitation, she replied, "Well, now, can't exactly say; I bees a sorter courted, and a sorter not; reckon more a sorter yes than a sorter no." In many points the Americans have to a certain degree obtained that equality which they profess; and, as respects their language, it certainly is the case. If their lower classes are more intelligible than ours, it is equally true that the higher classes do not speak the language so purely or so classically as it is spoken among the well-educated English. The peculiar dialect of the English counties is kept up because we are a settled country; the people who are born in a county live in it, and die in it, transmitting their scites of labour or of amusement to their descendants, generation after generation, without change: consequently, the provincialisms of the language become equally hereditary. Now, in America, they have a dictionary containing many thousands

of words which, with us, are either obsolete, or are provincialisms, or are words necessarily invented by the Americans. When the people of England emigrated to the States, they came from every county in England, and each county brought its provincialisms with it. These were admitted into the general stock; and were since all collected and bound up by one Mr. Webster. With the exception of a few words coined for local uses (such as *snags* and *sawyers*, on the Mississippi), I do not recollect a word which I have not traced to be either a provincialism of some English county, or else to be obsolete English. There are a few from the Dutch, such as *stoup*, for the porch of a door, &c. I was once talking with an American about Webster's dictionary, and he observed, "Well now, sir, I understand it's the only one used in the Court of St. James, by the king, queen, and princesses, and that by royal order."

The upper classes of the Americans do not, however, speak or pronounce English according

to our standard; they appear to have no exact rule to guide them, probably from a want of any intimate knowledge of Greek or Latin. You seldom hear a derivation from the Greek pronounced correctly, the accent being generally laid upon the wrong syllable. In fact, every one appears to be independent, and pronounces just as he pleases.

But it is not for me to decide the very momentous question, as to which nation speaks the best English. The Americans generally improve upon the inventions of others; probably they may have improved upon our language.

I recollect some one observing how very superior the German language was to the English, from their possessing so many compound substantives and adjectives; whereupon his friend replied, that it was just as easy for us to possess them in England if we pleased, and gave us as an example an observation made by his old dame at Eton, who declared that young Paulet

was, without any exception, the most *good-for-nothingest*, the most *provoking-people-est*, and the most *poke-about-every-cornerest* boy she had ever had charge of in her life.

Assuming this principle of improvement to be correct, it must be acknowledged that the Americans have added considerably to our dictionary; but, as I have before observed, this being a point of too much delicacy for me to decide upon, I shall just submit to the reader the occasional variations, or improvements, as they may be, which met my ears during my residence in America, as also the idiomatic peculiarities, and having so done, I must leave him to decide for himself.

I recollect once talking with one of the first men in America, who was narrating to me the advantages which might have accrued to him if he had followed up a certain speculation, when he said, "Sir, if I had done so, I should not only have *doubled* and *trebled*, but I should have *fourbled* and *fivebled* my money."

One of the members of Congress once said, "What the honourable gentleman has just asserted I consider as *catamount* to a denial;"—(catamount is the term given to a panther or lynx.)

"I presume," replied his opponent, "that the honourable gentleman means *tantamount.*"

"No, sir, I do not mean *tantamount;* I am not so ignorant of our language, not to be aware that *cata*mount and *tan*tamount are *an*onymous."

The Americans dwell upon their words when they speak—a custom arising, I presume, from their cautious, calculating habits; and they have always more or less of a nasal twang. I once said to a lady, "Why do you drawl out your words in that way?"

"Well," replied she, "I'd drawl all the way from Maine to Georgia, rather than *clip* my words as you English people do."

Many English words are used in a very different sense from that which we attach to them;

for instance: a *clever* person in America means an amiable good-tempered person, and the Americans make the distinction by saying, I mean English clever.

Our *clever* is represented by the word *smart*.

The verb *to admire* is also used in the East, instead of the verb *to like*.

"Have you ever been at Paris?"

"No; but I should *admire* to go."

A Yankee description of a clever woman:—

"Well, now, she'll walk right into you, and talk to you like a book;" or, as I have heard them say, "she'll talk you out of sight."

The word ugly is used for cross, ill-tempered. "I did feel so *ugly* when he said that."

Bad is used in an odd sense: it is employed for awkward, uncomfortable, sorry:—

"I did feel so *bad* when I read that"—awkward.

"I have felt quite *bad* about it ever since"—uncomfortable.

"She was so *bad*, I thought she would cry," sorry.

And as bad is tantamount to *not good*, I have heard a lady say, "I don't feel *at all good*, this morning."

Mean is occasionally used for ashamed.

"I never felt so mean in my life."

The word handsome is oddly used.

"We reckon this very handsome scenery, sir," said an American to me, pointing to the landscape.

"I consider him very truthful," is another expression.

"He stimulates too much."

"He dissipates awfully."

And they are very fond of using the noun as a verb, as—

"I *suspicion* that's a fact."

"I *opinion* quite the contrary."

The word *considerable* is in considerable demand in the United States. In a work in which the letters of the party had been given to the public as specimens of good style and polite literature, it is used as follows:—

"My dear sister, I have taken up the pen early this morning, as I intend to write *considerable.*"*

The word great is oddly used for fine, splendid.

"She's the *greatest* gal in the whole Union."

But there is one word which we must surrender up to the Americans as their *very own*, as the children say. I will quote a passage from one of their papers:—

"The editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette* is wrong in calling absquatiated a Kentucky *phrase* (he may well say phrase instead of *word*). It may prevail there, but its origin was in South Carolina, where it was a few years since regularly derived from the Latin, as we can prove from undoubted authority. By the way, there is a little *corruption* in the word as the *Gazette* uses it, *absquatalized* is the true reading."

Certainly a word worth quarrelling about!

* Life and Remains of Charles Pond.

"Are you cold, miss?" said I to a young lady, who pulled the shawl closer over her shoulders.

"*Some,*" was the reply.

The English *what?* implying that you did not hear what was said to you, is changed in America to the word *how?*

"I reckon," "I calculate," "I guess," are all used as the common English phrase, "I suppose." Each term is said to be peculiar to different states, but I found them used every where, one as often as the other. *I opine,* is not so common.

A specimen of Yankee dialect and conversation :—

"Well now, I'll tell you—you know Marble Head?"

"Guess I do."

"Well, then, you know Sally Hackett."

"No, indeed."

"Not know Sally Hackett? Why she lives at Marble Head."

"Guess I don't."

"You don't mean to say that?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And you really don't know Sally Hackett?"

"No, indeed."

"I guess you've heard talk of her?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, that's considerable odd. Now, I'll tell you—Ephrim Bagg, he that has the farm three miles from Marble Head—just as—but now, are you sure you don't know Sally Hackett?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, he's a pretty substantial man, and no mistake. He has got a heart as big as an ox, and every thing else in proportion, I've a notion. He loves Sal, the worst kind; and if she gets up there, she'll think she has got to Palestine (Paradise); arn't she a screamer? I were thinking of Sal mysel, for I feel lonesome, and when I am thrown into my store promiscuous alone, I can tell you I have the blues, the worst kind,

no mistake—I can tell you that. I always feel a kind o' queer when I sees Sal, but when I meet any of the other gals I am as calm and cool as the milky way," &c. &c.

The verb "to fix" is universal. It means to do any thing.

"Shall I *fix* your coat or your breakfast first?" That is—"Shall I brush your coat, or *get ready* your breakfast first?"

Right away, for immediately or at once, is very general.

"Shall I fix it right away—*i. e.* "Shall I do it immediately?"

In the West, when you stop at an inn, they say—

"What will you have? Brown meal and common doings, or white wheat and chicken *fixings*;"—that is, "Will you have pork and brown bread, or white bread and fried chicken?"

Also, "Will you have a *feed* or a *check*?"—A dinner, or a luncheon?

In *full blast*—something in the extreme.

"When she came to meeting, with her yellow hat and feathers, was'n't she in *full blast?*"

But for more specimens of genuine Yankee, I must refer the reader to Sam Slick and Major Downing, and shall now proceed to some further peculiarities.

There are two syllables—*um*, *hu*—which are very generally used by the Americans as a sort of reply, intimating that they are attentive, and that the party may proceed with his narrative; but, by inflection and intonation, these two syllables are made to express dissent or assent, surprise, disdain, and (like Lord Burleigh's nod in the play) a great deal more. The reason why these two syllables have been selected is, that they can be pronounced without the trouble of opening your mouth, and you may be in a state of listlessness and repose whilst others talk. I myself found them very convenient at times, and gradually got into the habit of using them.

The Americans are very local in their phrases, and borrow their similes very much from the nature of their occupations and pursuits. If you ask a Virginian or Kentuckian where he was born, he will invariably tell you that he was *raised* in such a county—the term applied to horses, and, in breeding States, to men also.

When a man is tipsy (spirits being made from grain), they generally say he is *corned*.

In the West, where steam-navigation is so abundant, when they ask you to drink they say, "Stranger, will you take in wood?"—the vessels taking in wood as fuel to keep the steam up, and the person taking in spirits to keep *his* steam up.

The roads in the country being cut through woods, and the stumps of the trees left standing, the carriages are often brought up by them. Hence the expression of, "Well, I am *stumped* this time."

I heard a young man, a farmer in Vermont, say, when talking about another having gained

the heart of a pretty girl, " Well, how he contrived to *fork* into her young affections, I can't tell; but I've a mind *to put my whole team on*, and see if I can't run him off the road."

The old phrase of " straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel," is, in the Eastern States, rendered " straining at a *gate*, and swallowing a *saw-mill*."

To *strike* means to attack. " The Indians have struck on the frontier;"—" A rattle-snake *struck* at me."

To make tracks—to walk away. " Well, now, I shall make tracks:"—from foot-tracks in the snow.

Clear out, quit, and put—all mean " be off." " Captain, now, you *hush* or *put*"—that is, " Either hold your tongue, or be off." Also, " Will you shut, mister?"—*i. e.* will you shut your mouth? *i. e.* hold your tongue?

" Curl up"—to be angry—from the panther and other animals when angry raising their hair. " Rise my dandee up," from the human hair;

and a nasty idea. "Wrathy" is another common expression. Also, "Savage as a meat-axe."

Here are two real American words:—

"Sloping"—for slinking away;

"Splunging," like a porpoise.

The word "enthusiasm," in the south, is changed to "entuzzy-muzzy."

In the Western States, where the racoon is plentiful, they use the abbreviation *'coon* when speaking of people. When at New York, I went into a hair-dresser's shop to have my hair cut; there were two young men from the west —one under the barber's hands, the other standing by him.

"I say," said the one who was having his hair cut, "I hear Captain M—— is in the country."

"Yes," replied the other, "so they say; I should like to see the *'coon*."

"I'm a *gone 'coon*" implies "I am distressed —*or* ruined—*or* lost." I once asked the origin

of this expression, and was very gravely told as follows:—

"There is a Captain Martin Scott* in the United States army who is a remarkable shot with a rifle. He was raised, I believe, in Vermont. His fame was so considerable through the State, that even the animals were aware of it. He went out one morning with his rifle, and spying a racoon upon the upper branches of a high tree, brought his gun up to his shoulder; when the racoon perceiving it, raised his paw up for a parley. 'I beg your pardon, mister,' said the racoon, very politely; 'but may I ask you if your name is *Scott*?'—'Yes,' replied the captain.—'*Martin* Scott?' continued the racoon.—'Yes,' replied the captain.—'*Captain* Martin Scott?' still continued the animal.—'Yes,' replied the captain, 'Captain Martin Scott?'—'Oh! then,' says the animal, 'I may just as well come down, for I'm a *gone 'coon*.'"

* Already mentioned in the Diary.

But one of the strangest perversions of the meaning of a word which I ever heard of is in Kentucky, where sometimes the word *nasty* is used for *nice*. For instance: at a rustic dance in that State a Kentuckian said to an acquaintance of mine, in reply to his asking the name of a very fine girl, "That's my sister, stranger; and I flatter myself that she shews the *nastiest* ankle in all Kentuck."—*Unde derivatur*, from the constant rifle-practice in that State, a good shot or a pretty shot is termed also a nasty shot, because it would make a *nasty* wound: *ergo*, a nice or pretty ankle becomes a *nasty* one.

The term for all baggage, especially in the south or west, is "plunder." This has been derived from the buccaneers, who for so long a time infested the bayores and creeks near the mouth of the Mississippi, and whose luggage was probably very correctly so designated.

I must not omit a specimen of American criticism.

"Well, Abel, what d'ye think of our native genus, Mister Forrest?"

"Well, I don't go much to theatricals, that's a fact; but I do think *he piled the agony up a little too high* in that last scene."

The gamblers on the Mississippi use a very refined phrase for "cheating"—"playing the advantages over him."

But, as may be supposed, the principal terms used are those which are borrowed from trade and commerce.

The rest, or remainder, is usually termed the balance.

"Put some of those apples into a dish, and the *balance* into the store-room."

When a person has made a mistake, or is out in his calculation, they say, "You missed a figure that time."

In a skirmish last war, the fire from the British was very severe, and the men in the American ranks were falling fast, when one of the soldiers stepped up to the commanding offi-

cer and said, "Colonel, don't you think that we might compromise this affair?" "Well, I reckon I should have no objection to *submit it to arbitration* myself," replied the colonel.

Even the thieves must be commercial in their ideas. One rogue meeting another, asked him what he had done that morning; "Not much," was the reply, "I've only *realized* this umbrella."

This reminds me of a conversation between a man and his wife, which was overheard by the party who repeated it to me. It appears that the lady was economically inclined, and in cutting out some shirts for her husband, resolved that they should not descend much lower than his hips, as thereby so much linen would be saved. The husband expostulated, but in vain. She pointed out to him that it would improve his figure, and make his nether garments set much better; in a word, that long shirt-tails were quite unnecessary; and she wound up her arguments by observing that linen was a very expensive article,

and that she could not see what on earth was the reason that people should stuff so much *capital* into their pantaloons.

There is sometimes in the American metaphors an energy which is very remarkable.

"Well, I reckon, that from his teeth to his toe-nail, there's not a human of a more conquering nature than General Jackson."

One *gentleman* said to me, "I wish I had all hell boiled down to a pint, just to pour down your throat."

It is a great pity that the Americans have not adhered more to the Indian names, which are euphonous, and very often musical; but, so far from it, they appear to have had a pleasure in dismissing them altogether. There is a river running into Lake Champlain, near Burlington, formerly called by the Indians the Winooski, but this name has been superseded by the settlers, who, by way of improvement, have designated it the Onion River. The Americans have ransacked scripture, and ancient and modern history, to sup-

ply themselves with names, yet, notwithstanding, there appears to be a strange lack of taste in their selection. On the route to Lake Ontario you pass towns with such names as Manlius, Sempronius, Titus, Cato, and then you come to *Butternuts*. Looking over the catalogue of cities, towns, villages, rivers, and creeks in the different States in the Union, I find the following repetitions:—

Of towns, &c. named after distinguished individuals, there are,—

Washingtons	43	Carrolls	16
Jacksons	41	Adamses	18
Jeffersons	32	Bolivars	8
Franklins	41	Clintons	19
Madisons	26	Waynes	14
Monroes	25	Casses	6
Perrys	22	Clays	4
Fayettes	14	Fultons	17
Hamiltons	13		

Of other towns, &c. there are,—

Columbias	27	Libertys	14
Centre Villes	14	Salems	24
Fairfields	17	Onions	28

Athenses 10	Muds..... 8
Romes 4	Little Muds 1
Crookeds 22	Muddies 11
Littles 20	Sandys 39
Longs 18	

In colours they have,—

Clears 13	Greens 16
Blacks 33	Whites 15
Blues..... 8	Yellows 10
Vermillions 14	

Named after trees,—

Cedars 25	Laurels.....14
Cypresses 12	Pines.....18

After animals,—

Beavers 23	Foxes 12
Buffaloes 21	Otters 13
Bulls..... 9	Racoons 11
Deers 13	Wolfs 16
Dogs..... 9	Bears 12
Elks 11	Bear's Rump 1

After birds, &c.

Gooses 10	Fishes 7
Ducks 8	Turkeys 12
Eagles 8	Swans 15
Pigeons ..... .10	Pikes.....20

The consequence of these repetitions is, that if you do not put the name of the State, and often of the county in the State in which the town you refer to may be, your letter may journey all over the Union, and perhaps, after all, never arrive at its place of destination.

The States have already accommodated each other with nicknames, as per example:—

Illinois people are termed ... Suckers.
Missouri..... Pukes.
Michigan ..... Wolverines.
Indiana ..... Hoosiers.
Kentucky ..... Corn Crackers.
Ohio ..... Buckeyes, &c.

The names of persons are also very strange; and some of there are, at all events, obsolete in England, even if they ever existed there. Many of them are said to be French or Dutch names Americanized. But they appear still more odd to us from the high-sounding Christian names prefixed to them; as, for instance: Philo Doolittle, Populorum Hightower, Preserved Fish,

Asa Peabody, Alonzo Lilly, Alceus Wolf, &c. I was told by a gentleman that Doolittle was originally from the French De l'Hotel; Peabody from Pibaudiere; Bunker from Bon Cœur; that Mr. Ezekiel Bumpus is a descendant of Mons. Bon Pas, &c., all which is very possible.

Every one who is acquainted with Washington Irving must know that, being very sensitive himself, he is one of the last men in the world to do anything to annoy another. In his selection of names for his writings, he was cautious in avoiding such as might be known; so that, when he called his old schoolmaster Ichabod Crane, he thought himself safe from the risk of giving offence. Shortly afterwards a friend of his called upon him, accompanied by a stranger, whom he introduced as Major Crane; Irving started at the name; "Major Ichabod Crane," continued his friend, much to the horror of Washington Irving.

I was told that a merchant went down to New Orleans with one Christian name, and came

back, after a lapse of years, with another. His name was John Flint. The French at New Orleans translated his surname, and called him Pierre Fusée: on his return the Pierre stuck to him, was rendered into English as Peter, and he was called Peter Flint ever afterwards.

People may change their names in the United States by application to Congress. They have a story hardly worth relating, although considered a good one in America, having been told me by a member of Congress. A Mr. White-pimple, having risen in the world, was persuaded by his wife to change his name, and applied for permission accordingly. The clerk of the office inquired of him what other name he would have, and he being very indifferent about it himself, replied carelessly, as he walked away, "Oh, any thing;" whereupon the clerk enrolled him as Mr. *Thing*. Time passed on, and he had a numerous family, who found the new name not much more agreeable than the old one, for there was Miss Sally Thing, Miss Dolly Thing, the

old Things, and all the little Things; and worst of all, the eldest son being christened Robert, went by the name of Thingum Bob.

There were, and I believe still are, two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People laughed at seeing these two names in juxtaposition over the door; so the lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names. Mr. Catchem's Christian name was Isaac, Mr. Chetum's, Uriah. A new board was ordered, but when sent to the painter, it was found to be too short to admit the Christian names at full length. The painter, therefore, put in only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse than before, for there now appeared—

"I. Catchem and U. Chetum."

I cannot conclude this chapter without adverting to one or two points peculiar to the Americans. They wish, in every thing, to improve upon the Old Country, as they call us, and

affect to be excessively refined in their language and ideas: but they forget that very often in the covering, and the covering only, consists the indecency, and that, to use the old aphorism,— "Very nice people, are people with very nasty ideas."

They object to everything nude in statuary. When I was at the house of Governor Everett, at Boston, I observed a fine cast of the Apollo Belvidere, but, in compliance with general opinion, it was hung with drapery, although Governor Everett himself is a gentleman of refined mind and high classical attainments, and quite above such ridiculous sensitiveness. In language it is the same thing: there are certain words which are never used in America, but an absurd substitute is employed. I cannot particularize them after this preface, lest I should be accused of indelicacy myself. I may, however, state one little circumstance, which will fully prove the correctness of what I say.

When at Niagara Falls, I was escorting a

young lady with whom I was on friendly terms. She had been standing on a piece of rock, the better to view the scene, when she slipped down, and was evidently hurt by the fall; she had in fact grazed her shin. As she limped a little in walking home, I said, "Did you hurt your leg much." She turned from me, evidently much shocked, or much offended; and not being aware that I had committed any very heinous offence, I begged to know what was the reason of her displeasure. After some hesitation, she said that as she knew me well, she would tell me that the word *leg* was never mentioned before ladies. I apologized for my want of refinement, which was attributable to my having been accustomed only to *English* society, and added, that as such articles must occasionally be referred to, even in the most polite circles of America, perhaps she would inform me by what name I might mention them without shocking the company. Her reply was, that the word *limb* was

used; "nay," continued she, "I am not so particular as some people are, for I know those who always say limb of a table, or limb of a piano-forte."

There the conversation dropped; but a few months afterwards I was obliged to acknowledge that the young lady was correct when she asserted that some people were more particular than even she was.

I was requested by a lady to escort her to a seminary for young ladies, and on being ushered into the reception-room, conceive my astonishment at beholding a square piano-forte with four *limbs*. However, that the ladies who visited their daughters, might feel in its full force the extreme delicacy* of the mistress of the establishment, and her care to preserve in their utmost purity the ideas of the young ladies under her charge,

* "An English lady, who had long kept a fashionable boarding-school in one of the Atlantic cities, told me that one of her earliest cares with every new comer, was to endeavour to substitute real delicacy for that affected precision of manner; among many anecdotes, she told

she had dressed all these four limbs in modest ittle trousers, with frills at the bottom of them!

me of a young lady about fourteen, who, on entering the receiving-room, where she only expected to see a lady who had enquired for her, and finding a young man with her, put her hands before her eyes and ran out of the room again, screaming—'A man, a man, a man!' On another occasion, one of the young ladies in going up stairs to the drawing-room, unfortunately met a boy of fourteen coming down, and her feelings were so violently agitated, that she stopped, panting and sobbing, nor would pass on till the boy had swung himself up on the upper bannisters, to leave the passage free."—*Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans.*

CREDIT.

In the State of New York they have abolished imprisonment for debt; this abolition, however, only holds good between the citizens of that State, as no one State in the Union can interfere with the rights of another. A stranger, therefore, can imprison a New Yorker, and a New Yorker can imprison a stranger, but the citizens of New York cannot incarcerate one another. Now, although the unprincipled may, and do occasionally, take advantage of this enactment, yet the effects of it are generally good, as character becomes more valuable. Without character, there will be no credit; and without credit, no commercial man can rise in this city. I was once in a store where the widow who kept it complained to me, that a person who owed her a considerable sum would not pay her; and,

aware that she had no redress, I asked her how she would obtain her money. Her reply was:—"Oh, I shall eventually get my money, for I will *shame* him out of it by exposure."

The Americans, probably from being such great speculators, and aware of the uncertainty attending their commerce, are very lenient towards debtors. If a man proves that he cannot pay, he is seldom interfered with, but allowed to recommence business. This is not only Christian-like, but wise. A man thrown into prison is not likely to find the means of paying his debts; but if allowed his liberty and the means of earning a subsistence, he may eventually be more fortunate, and the creditors have a chance of being ultimately paid. This, to my knowledge, has often been the case after the release had been signed, and the creditors had no further legal claim upon the bankrupt. England has not yet made up her mind to the abolition of imprisonment for debt, but from what I have learnt in this city, I have no hesi-

tation in saying, that it would work well for the morals of the community, and that more debts would eventually be paid, than are paid under the present system. Another circumstance which requires to be pointed out when we would examine into the character of the New York commercial community, is, the difference between their bankrupt-laws and those of England. Here there is no law to compel a bankrupt to produce his books; every man may be his own assignee, and has the power of giving preference to one creditor over another; that is to say, he may repay those who have lent him money in the hope of preventing his becoming a bankrupt, and all other debts of a like description. He may also turn over his affairs to an assignee of his own selection, who then pays the debts as he pleases. A bankrupt is also permitted to collect his own debts.

The English bankrupt-laws were introduced, but after one year's trial they were discontinued, as it was found that they were attend-

ed with so much difficulty, and, what is of more importance to Americans, with so much loss of time. Again, in America, if a person wishes to become a special partner (a sleeping partner) in any concern, he may do so to any extent he pleases, upon advertising the same, and is responsible for no more than the sum he invests, although the house should fail for ten times the amount.

Here is an advertisement of special partnership.

"Co-partnership. Notice is hereby given, that a limited partnership hath been entered into by Lambert Morange, D. N. Morange, and Samah Solomon, of the city of New York, merchants, in pursuance of the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York. The general nature of the business of said co-partnership is the manufacturing and selling of fur and silk hats. The said Lambert Morange is the special partner, and as such, hath contributed the sum of ten thousand dollars in cash to the common stock: the said D. N. Morange and Samah

Solomon are the general partners; and the said business is to be conducted under the name and firm of D. N. Morange and Solomon; said co-partnership is to commence on the 14th day of March, 1837, and to expire on the 14th March, 1840.

L. MORANGE.

" March 14th, 1837. D. N. MORANGE.

SAMAH SOLOMON."

That this loose state of the bankrupt-law may be, and has been a cause of much dishonesty, is true, but at the same time it is the cause of the flourishing state of the community. The bee can always work; indeed the bankrupt-laws themselves provide for a man's not starving. In the city the bankrupt's household furniture is sacred, that his family may not be beggars; and in case of the bankruptcy of a farmer, he is permitted not only to retain the furniture of his cottage, but even his plough, with a proportion of his team, his kine and sheep, are reserved for him, that he may still be able to support his family.

Surely this is much preferable to the English system, under which the furniture is dragged away, the hearth made desolate, and the children left to starve because their father has been unfortunate. Is it not better that a little villainy should escape punishment, than that such cruelty should be in daily practice? I say a little villainy, for if a man becomes bankrupt in New York, it is pretty well known whether he has dealt fairly with his creditors, or has made a fraudulent bankruptcy: and if so, his character is gone, and with it his credit, and without credit he never can rise again in that city, but must remove to some other place.

In England, character will procure to a bankrupt a certificate, but in New York it will leave him the means of re-commencing business. In England, it is a disgrace to be a bankrupt; in America, it is only a misfortune; but this distinction arises from the boldness of the speculations carried on by the Americans in their commercial transactions, and owing to which the highest

and most influential, as well as the smaller capitalists, are constantly in a state of jeopardy. I do not believe that there is any where a class of merchants more honourable than those of New York. The notorious Colonel Chartres said that he would give £20,000 for a character, because he would have made £100,000 by it. I shall not here enter into the question, whether it is by a similar conviction, or by moral rectitude of feeling, that the merchants of New York are actuated; it is sufficient that it is their interest to be honest, and that they are so. I state the case in this way, because I do not intend to admit that the honesty of the merchants is any proof of the morality of a nation; and I think I am borne out in my opinion by their conduct in the late state of difficulty, and the strenuous exertions made by them to pay to the uttermost farthing, sacrificing at times twenty per cent. in order to be enabled to remit money to their London and Liverpool correspondents, and fulfil their engagements with them.

That there is a great deal of roguery going on in this city is undeniable, much more, perhaps, than (taking into consideration the difference between the populations) in the good City of London. But it should be borne in mind that New York has become, as it were, the Alsatia of the whole continent of Europe. Every scoundrel who has swindled, forged, or robbed in England, or elsewhere, makes his escape to New York. Every pickpocket, who is too well known to the English police, takes refuge here. In this city they all concentrate; and it is a hard thing for the New York merchants, that the stream of society which otherwise might gradually become more pure, should be thus poisoned by the continual inpourings of the Continental dregs, and that they should be made to share in the obloquy of those who are outcasts from the society of the Old World.

America exists at present upon credit. If the credit of her merchants were destroyed she would be checked in her rapid advance. But this sys-

tem of credit, which is necessarily reciprocal, is nevertheless acted upon with all possible caution. Many are the plans which the large New York importers have been compelled to resort to, to ascertain whether their customers from the interior could be trusted or not. Agents have been despatched to learn the characters, standing, and means of the country dealers who are their correspondents, and who purchase their goods; for the whole of the transactions are upon credit, and a book of reference as to people's responsibility is to be found in many of the mercantile houses of New York.

Willing as I am to do justice to the New York merchants, I cannot, however, permit Mr. Carey's remarks upon credit to pass unnoticed. Had he said nothing I should have said no more; but, as he asserts that the security of property and credit in America is greater than in England, I must, in defence of my country, make a few observations.

At the commencement of his article Mr. Carey says,—

"In England confidence is *almost* universal. The banker credits the manufacturer and the farmer. They are willing to give credit to the merchant, because they have confidence that he will pay them. He gives credit to the shopkeeper, who, in his turn, gives credit to the labourer.

"Immense masses of property change owners without examination; confidence thus producing a great saving of labour. Orders to a vast extent are given, with a certainty that they will be executed with perfect good faith; and this system is continued year after year, proving that the confidence was deserved."

Now, after this admission what more can be required? Confidence proves security of property, and should any change take place so as to render the security doubtful, confidence would immediately cease. It is, therefore, rather bold of Mr. Carey, after such an admission, to

attempt to prove that the security of property is greater in America than in England; yet, nevertheless, such is his assertion.

Mr. Carey bases his calculation, first, upon the losses sustained by the banks of England, in comparison with those sustained by the banks of Massachusetts. Here, as in almost every other argument, Mr. Carey selects one small State—a State, *par excellence*, superior to all the others of the Union; a pattern State, in fact,—as representing *all* America against *all* England. He admits that, as you go South and West, the complexion of things is altered; but notwithstanding this admission, he still argues upon this one State only, and consequently upon false premises. But, allowing that he proved that the losses of all the banks in America were less than the losses of all the banks in England, he would still prove nothing, or if he did prove any thing, it would be against himself. Why are the losses of American banks less? Simply because they trust less. There is not that confi-

dence in America that there is in England, and the want of confidence proves the want of security of property.

The next comparison which Mr. Carey makes is between the failures of the banks of the two countries; and in this argument he takes most of the States in the Union into his calculation, and he winds up by observing (in italics) that—"From the first institution of banks in America to the year 1837, the failures have been less by about one-fourth, than those of England in the three years of 1814, 15, and 16; and the amount of loss sustained by the public bears, probably, a still smaller proportion to the amount of business transactions."

Now, all this proves nothing, except that the banks of America are more careful in discounting than our own, and that by running less risk they lose less money. But from it Mr. Carey draws this strange conclusion:—

"Individuals in Great Britain enjoy as high a degree of *credit* as can possibly exist, but *con-*

fidence is more universal in the United States."

Credit is the result of *confidence;* and if, as appears to be the case, the American confidence in each other will not procure credit, it is a very useless compliment passed between them. It is simply this—"I am certain that you are a very honest man, but notwithstanding I will not lend you a shilling." Indeed Mr. Carey contradicts himself, for, two pages farther on, he says:—"The existence of the credit system is evidence of mutual confidence."

I should like Mr. Carey to answer one question:—

What would have been the amount of the failures of the banks of America in 1836, if they had not suspended cash payments? It is very easy to carry on the banking business when, in defiance of their charters, the banks will give you nothing but their paper, and refuse you specie. Banks which will not pay bullion for their own notes are not very likely to fail, ex-

cept in their covenant with the public. But it is of little use for Mr. Carey to assert on the one hand, or for me to deny on the other. Every nation makes its own character with the rest of the world, and it is by other nations that the question between us must be decided. The question is then, "Is the credit of America better than that of England, in the intercourse of the two countries with each other, and with foreign nations?" Let the commercial world decide.

PENITENTIARIES, &c.

ALTHOUGH, during my residence in the cities of the United States, I visited most of the public institutions, I have not referred to them at the time in my Diary, as they have been so often described by preceding travellers. I shall now, however, make a few remarks upon the penitentiary system.

I think it was Wilkes who said, that the very worst use to which you could put a man was to hang him; and such appears to be the opinion in America. That hanging does not prevent crime, where people are driven into it by misery and want, I believe; but it does prevent crime where people commit it merely from an unrestrained indulgence of their passions. This has been satisfactorily proved in the United States. At one time the murders in the city of

New Orleans were just as frequent as in all the States contiguous to the Mississippi; but the population of the city determined to put an end to such scenes of outrage. The population of New Orleans is very different from that of the Southern States in general, being composed of Americans from the Eastern States, English merchants, and French creoles. Vigorous laws and an efficient police were established; and one of the southern planters, of good family and connexions, having committed a murder, was tried and condemned. To avoid the gallows, he committed suicide in prison. This system having been rigorously followed up, New Orleans has become perhaps the *safest* city in the Union; and now not even a brawl is heard in those streets where, a few years back, murders occurred every hour of the day.

In another chapter I shall enter more fully into this question; at present I shall only say that there is a great unwillingness to take away life in America, and it is this aversion to capital

punishment which has directed the attention of the American community to the penitentiary system. Several varieties of this species of punishment have been resorted to, more or less severe. The most rigid—that of solitary confinement in dark cells, and without labour—was found too great an infliction, as, in many cases, it unsettled the reason, and ended in confirmed lunacy. Confinement, with the boon of light, but without employment, was productive of no good effect; the culprit sank into a state of apathy and indifference. After a certain time, day and night passed away unheeded, from the want of a healthy tone to the mind. The prisoners were no longer lunatics, but they were little better than brute animals.

Neither do I consider the present system, as practised at the Sing Sing, the state prison of New York, as tending to *reform* the offenders: it punishes them severely, but that is all. Where corporal punishment is resorted to, there always will be feelings of vindictiveness; and all the

bad passions must be allowed to repose before the better can gain the ascendant.

The best system is that acted upon in the Penitentiary at Philadelphia, where there is solitary confinement, but with labour and exercise. Mr. Samuel Wood, who superintends this establishment, is a person admirably calculated for his task, and I do not think that any arrangements could be better, or the establishment in more excellent hands. But my object was, not so much to view the prison and witness the economy of it, as to examine the prisoners themselves, and hear what their opinions were. The surgeon may explain the operation, but the patient who has undergone it is the proper person to apply to, if you wish to know the degree and nature of the pain inflicted. I requested, therefore, and obtained permission, to visit a portion of the prisoners without a third party being present to prevent their being communicative; selecting some who had been in but a short time, others who had been there for years,

and referring also to the books, as to the nature and degree of their offence. I ought to state that I re-examined almost the whole of the parties about six months afterwards, and the results of the two examinations are now given. I did not take their names, but registered them in my notes as No. 1, 2, 3, &c.

No. 1—a man who had been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for the murder of his wife. He had been bred up as a butcher. (I have observed that when the use of the knife is habitual, the flinching which men naturally feel at the idea of driving it into a fellow-creature, is overcome; and a man who is accustomed to dissect the still palpitating carcasses of animals, has very little compunction in resorting to the knife in the event of collision with his own race.) This fellow looked a butcher; his face and head were all animal; he was by no means intelligent. He was working at a loom, and had already been confined for seven years and a half. He said that, after the first six months of his confinement, he

had lost all reckoning of time, and had not cared to think about it until lately, when he enquired, and was told how long he had been locked up. Now that he had discovered that more than half his time had passed away, it occupied his whole thoughts, and sometimes he felt very impatient.

Mr. Wood told me afterwards that this feeling, when the expiration of the sentence was verv near at hand, sometimes amounted to agony.

This man had denied the murder of his wife, and still persisted in the denial, although there was no doubt of his having committed the crime. Of course, in this instance there was no repentance; and the Penitentiary was thrown away upon him, further than that, for twelve years, he could not contaminate society.

No. 2—sentenced to four years' imprisonment for forgery; his time was nearly expired. This was a very intelligent man; by profession he had been a schoolmaster. He had been in prison before for the same offence.

His opinion as to the Penitentiary was, that

it could do no harm, and might do much good. The fault of the system was one which could not well be remedied, which was, that there was degradation attached to it. Could punishment undergone for crime be viewed in the same way as repentance was by the Almighty, and a man, after suffering for his fault, re-appear in the world with clean hands, and be admitted into society as before, it would be attended with the very best effects; but there was no working out the degradation. When he was released from his former imprisonment, he had been obliged to fly from the place where he was known. He was pursued by the harshness of the world, not only in himself, but in his children. No one would allow that his punishment had wiped away his crime, and this was the reason why people, inclined to be honest, were driven again into guilt. Not only would the world not encourage them, but it would not permit them to become honest; the finger of scorn was pointed wherever they were known, or found out, and the punishment

after release was infinitely greater than that of the prison itself.

Miss Martineau observes, "I was favoured with the confidence of a great number of the prisoners in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, where absolute seclusion is the principle of punishment. Every one of these prisoners (none of them being aware of the existence of any other) told me that he was under obligations to those who had charge of him for treating him 'with respect.'"

No. 3—a very intelligent, but not educated man: imprisoned three years for stealing. He had only been a few months in the Penitentiary, but had been confined for ten years in Sing Sing prison for picking pockets. I asked him his opinion as to the difference of treatment in the two establishments. He replied, "In Sing Sing the punishment is corporal — here it is more mental. In Sing Sing there was little chance of a person's reformation, as the treatment was harsh and brutal, and the feelings of the prisoners were those of indignation and resentment.

Their whole time was occupied in trying how they could deceive their keepers, and communicate with each other by every variety of stratagem. Here a man was left to his own reflections, and at the same time he was treated like a *man*. Here he was his own tormentor; at Sing Sing he was tormented by others. A man was sent to Sing Sing for doing wrong to others; when there, he was quite as much wronged himself. Two wrongs never made a right. Again, at Sing Sing they all worked in company, and knew each other; when they met again, after they were discharged, they enticed one another to do wrong again. He was convinced that no man left Sing Sing a better man than he went in. Here he felt very often that he could become better—perhaps he might. At all events his mind was calm, and he had no feelings of resentment for his treatment. He had now leisure and quiet for self-examination, if he chose to avail himself of it. At Sing Sing there was great injustice, and no redress. The infirm

man was put to equal labour with the robust, and punished if he did not perform as much. The flogging was very severe at Sing Sing. He once ventured to express his opinion that such was the case, and (to prove the contrary he supposed) they awarded him eighty-seven lashes for the information.

That many of this man's observations, in the parallel drawn between the two establishments, are correct, must be conceded; but still some of his assertions must be taken with due reservation, as it is evident that he had no very pleasant reminiscences of his ten years' geological studies in Sing Sing.

No. 4—an Irishman; very acute. He had been imprisoned seven years for burglary, and his time would expire in a month. Had been confined also in Walnut Street prison, Philadelphia, for two years previous to his coming here. He said that it was almost impossible for any man to reform in that prison, although some few did. He had served many years in the United

States navy. He declared that his propensity to theft was only strong upon him when under the influence of liquor, or tobacco, which latter had the same effect upon him as spirits. He thought that he was reformed now; the reason why he thought so was, that he now liked work, and had learnt a profession in the prison, which he never had before. He considered himself a good workman, as he could make a pair of shoes in a day. He cannot now bear the smell of liquor or tobacco. (This observation must have been from imagination, as he had no opportunity in the Penitentiary of testing his dislike.) He ascribed all his crimes to ardent spirits. He was fearful of only one thing: his time was just out, and where was he to go? If known to have been in the prison, he would never find work. He knew a fact which had occurred, which would prove that he had just grounds for his fear. A tailor, who had been confined in Walnut Street prison with him, had been released as soon as his time was up. He was an

excellent workman, and resolved for the future to be honest. He obtained employment from a master tailor in Philadelphia, and in three months was made foreman. One of the inspectors of Walnut Street prison came in for clothes, and his friend was called down to take the measures. The inspector recognized him, and as soon as he left the shop told his master that he had been in the Walnut Street prison. The man was in consequence immediately discharged. He could obtain no more work, and in a few months afterwards found his way back again to Walnut Street prison for a fresh offence.

No. 5—a fine intelligent Yankee, very bold in bearing. He was in the Penitentiary under a false name, being well connected; had been brought up as an architect and surveyor, and was imprisoned for having counterfeit bank notes in his possession. This fellow was a regular lawyer, and very amusing; it appeared as if nothing could subdue his elasticity of spirit. He said that he did not think that he should be

better for his incarceration; on the contrary, that it would produce very bad effects. "I am punished," said he, "not for having passed counterfeit notes, but for having them in my possession. The facts are, I had lost all my money by gambling; and then the gamblers, to make me amends, gave me some of their counterfeit notes, which they always have by them. I do not say that I should not have uttered them; I believe that in my distress I should have done so; but I had not exactly made up my mind. At all events, *I had not* passed them when, from information given, I was taken up. This is certain, that not having passed them, it is very possible for a man to have forged notes in his possession without being aware of it; but this was not considered by my judges, although it ought to have been, as I had never been brought up before; and I have now been sentenced to exactly the same term of imprisonment as those who were convicted of passing them. Now, this I consider as unfair; my punishment is too severe

for my offence, and that always does harm—it creates a vindictive feeling, and a desire to revenge yourself for the injustice done to you.

"Now, sir," continued he, "I should have no objection to compromise; if they would reduce my punishment one half, I would acknowledge the justice of it, and turn honest when I go out again; but if I am confined here for three years, why it is my opinion that I shall revenge myself upon society as soon as I am turned loose again." This was said in a very cheerful, playful manner, as he stood up before his loom. A more energetic expression, a keener grey eye, I never met with. There was evidently great daring of soul in this man.

No. 6—had only been confined six weeks; his offence was stealing pigs, and his companion in the crime had been sent here with him. He declared that he was innocent, and that he had been committed by false swearing. There is no country in the world where there is so much perjury as in the United States, if I am to be

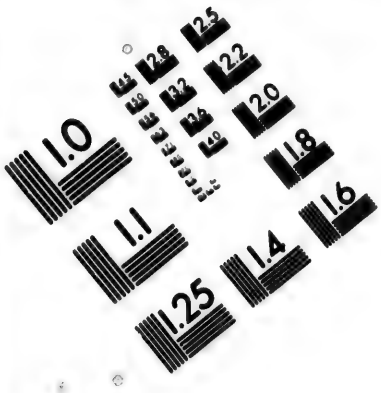
lieve the Americans themselves; but Mr. Wood told me that he was present at the trial, and that there was no doubt of their guilt. This man was cheerful and contented; he was working at the loom, and had already become skilful. All whom I had seen up to the present had employment of some sort or other, and I should have passed over this man, as I had done some others, if it had not been for the contrast between him and his companion.

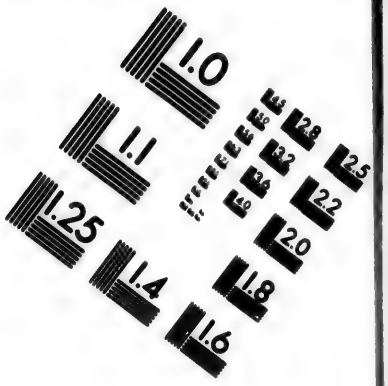
No. 7—this companion or accomplice. In consequence of the little demand for the Penitentiary manufactures this man had no employment. The first thing he told me was that he had nothing to do, and was very miserable. He earnestly requested me to ask for employment for him. He cried bitterly while he spoke, was quite unmanned and depressed, and complained that he had not been permitted to hear from his wife and children. The want of employment appeared to have completely prostrated this man; although confined but six

weeks, he had already lost the time, and inquired of me the day of the week and the month.

No. 8—was at large. He had been appointed apothecary to the prison; of course he was not strictly confined, and was in a comfortable room. He was a shrewd man, and evidently well educated; he had been reduced to beggary by his excesses, and being too proud to work, he had not been too proud to commit forgery. I had a long conversation with him, and he made some sensible remarks upon the treatment of prisoners, and the importance of delegating the charge of prisoners to competent persons. His remarks also upon American juries were very severe, and, as I subsequently ascertained, but too true.

No. 9—a young woman, about nineteen; confined for larceny; in other respects a good character. She was very quiet and subdued, and said that she infinitely preferred the solitude of the Penitentiary to the company with which she must have associated had she been confined in a





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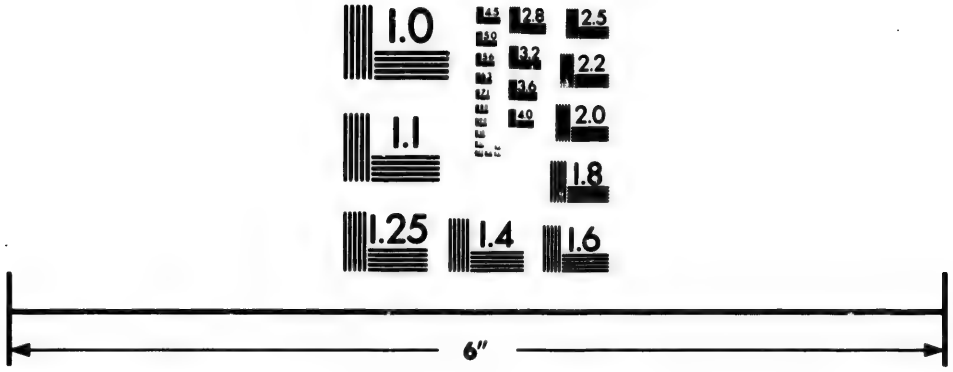

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common gaol. She did not appear at all anxious for the expiration of her term. Her cell was very neat, and ornamented with her own hands in a variety of ways. I observed that she had a lock of hair on her forehead which, from the care taken of it, appeared to be a favourite, and as I left the cell, I said—"You appear to have taken great pains with that lock of hair, considering that you have no one to look at you?"—"Yes, sir," replied she; "and if you think that vanity will desert a woman, even in the solitude of a Penitentiary, you are mistaken."

When I visited this girl a second time, her term was nearly expired; she told me that she had not the least wish to leave her cell, and that if they confined her for two years more, she was content to stay. "I am quite peaceful and happy here," she said, and I believe she really spoke the truth.

No. 10—a free mulatto girl, about eighteen years of age, one of the most forbidding of her race, and with a physiognomy perfectly brutal;

but she evidently had no mean opinion of her own charms: her woolly hair was twisted into at least fifty short plaits, and she grinned from ear to ear as she advanced to meet me. "Pray may I inquire what you are imprisoned for?" said I.—"Why, sir," replied she, smirking, smiling and coquetting, as she tossed her head right and left—"If you please, sir, I was put in here for poisoning a *whole family*." She really appeared to think that she had done a very praiseworthy act. I inquired of her if she was aware of the heinousness of her offence. "Yes, she knew it was wrong, but if her mistress beat her again as she had done, she thought she would do it again. She had been in prison three years, and had four more to remain." I asked her if the fear of punishment—if another incarceration for seven years would not prevent her from committing such a crime a second time. "She didn't know; she didn't like being shut up—found it very tedious, but still she thought

—was not quite sure—but she thought that, if ill-treated, she should certainly do it again."

I paid a second visit to this amiable young lady, and asked her what her opinion was then. —"Why, she had been thinking, but had not exactly made up her mind—but she still thought —indeed she was convinced—that she *should do it again*."

I entered many other cells, and had conversations with the prisoners; but I did not elicit from them any thing worth narrating. There is, however, a great deal to be gained from the conversation which I have recorded. It must be remembered that observations made by one prisoner, which struck me as important, if not made by others, were put as questions by me; and I found that the opinions of the most intelligent, although differently expressed, led to the same result—that the present system of the Philadelphia Penitentiary was the best that had been invented. As the schoolmaster said, if it did no good, it

could do no harm. There is one decided advantage in this system, which is, that they all learn a trade, if they had not one before; and, when they leave the prison, have the means of obtaining an honest livelihood, if they wish so to do themselves, *and are permitted so to do by others.* Here is the stumbling-block, which neutralizes almost all the good effects which might be produced by the Penitentiary system. The severity and harshness of the world; the unchristian-like feeling pervading society, which denies to the penitent what individually they will have to plead for themselves at the great tribunal, and which will not permit that punishment, awarded and suffered, can expiate the crime; on this point, there is no hope of a better feeling being engendered. Mankind have been and will be the same; and it is only to be hoped that we may receive more mercy in the next world than we are inclined to extend towards our fellow-creatures in this.

As I have before observed, I care little for

the observations or assertions of directors or of officers entrusted with the charge of the Penitentiaries and houses of correction; they are unintentionally biassed, and things that appear to them to be mere trifles are very often extreme hardships to the prisoners. It is not only what the body suffers, but what the mind suffers, which must be considered; and it is from the want of this consideration that arise most of the defects in those establishments, not only in America, but every where else.

During my residence in the United States, a little work made its appearance, which I immediately procured; it was the production of an American, a scholar, once in the best society, but who, by intemperance, had forfeited his claim to it. He wrote the very best satirical poem I ever read by an American, full of force, and remarkable for energetic versification; but intemperance, the prevalent vice of America, had reduced him to beggary and wretchedness. He was (by his own request I understand) shut up in the House

of Correction at South Boston, that he might, if possible, be reclaimed from intemperance; and, on his leaving it, he published a small work, called "The Rat-Trap, or Cogitations of a Convict in the House of Correction." This work bears the mark of a reflective, although buoyant mind; and as he speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Robbins the master, and bestows praise generally when deserved, his remarks, although occasionally jocose, are well worthy of attention; and I shall, therefore, introduce a few of them to the reader.

His introduction commences thus:—

"I take it for granted that one of every two individuals in this *most moral community in the world* has been, will be, or deserves or fears to be, in the House of Correction. Give every man his deserts, and who shall escape whipping? This book must, therefore, be interesting, and will have a good circulation—not, perhaps, in this State alone. The State spends its money for the above institution, and, therefore, has a

right to know what it is; a knowledge which can never be obtained from the reports of the authorities, the cursory observations of visitors, or the statements of ignorant and exasperated convicts.

> 'What thief e'er felt the halter draw,
> With good opinion of the law?'

It has been my aim to furnish such knowledge, and it cannot be denied that I have had the best opportunities to obtain it."

To shew the prevalence of intemperance in this country among the better classes, read the following:—

"On entering the wool-shop, a man nodded to me, whom I immediately recognized as a lawyer of no mean talent, who had, at no very distant period, been an ornament of society, and a man well esteemed for many excellent qualities, all of which are now forgotten, while his only fault, intemperance, remains engraver on steel. This was not his first term, or his second, or his third. At this time of writing he is discharged,

a sober man, anxious for employment, which he cannot get. His having been in the House of Correction shuts every door against him, and he must have more than ordinary firmness if he does not relapse again. From my inmost soul I pity him. Another aged man I recognized as a doctor of medicine: his grey hairs would have been venerable in any other place."

The labour in this House of Correction which he describes is chiefly confined to wool-picking, stone-cutting, and blacksmiths' work. The fare he states to be plentiful, but not of the very best quality. Speaking of ill-treatment, he says:—

"The convicts all have the privilege of complaint against officers; but while I was there no one used it but myself. I believe they dared not. The officer would probably deny or gloss over the cause of complaint, and his word would be believed rather than that of the convict; and his power of retaliation is so tremendous, that few would care to brave it. The chance is ten to one that a complaint to the directors would

be falsified and prove fruitless; and the visit of the governor, council, and magistrates, for the purpose of inquiry, is mere matter of form. When they asked me if I had reason to complain of my treatment, I answered in the negative, because I really had none; but had they asked me if there was any defect in the institution, I would have pointed out a good many."

The monotony of their existence is well described:—

"Few incidents checquered the monotony of our existence. 'Who has got a piece of steel in his eye?'—'Who has gone to the hospital?'—'How many came to-day in the carryall?' were almost the only questions we could ask. A man falling from the new prison, and breaking his bones in a fashion not to be approved, was a conversational godsend. One day the retiring tide left a small box on the sands at the bottom of the House of Correction wharf, which was picked up by a convict, and found to contain the bequest of some woman who had

'loved not wisely, but too well;' namely, a pair of new-born infants. In my mind, their fate was happy. If they never knew woman's tenderness, neither did they ever know woman's falsehood. There is less pleasure than pain in this bad world, and the earlier we take leave of it the better."

He complains of due regard not being paid to the cleanliness of the prisoners:—

"A great defect in the police of the house was the want of baths. We were shaved, or rather scraped, but once a week. Washing one's face and hands in ice-cold water of a winter morning, is little better than no ablution at all. The harbour water is interdicted, lest the convicts should swim away, and in the stone-shop there are no conveniences for bathing whatever: they would cost something! In the wool-shop, forty men have one tubful of warm water once a week. When I say that shirts are worn a week in summer, and (as well as drawers) two or three weeks in winter, it will at once be con-

ceded that some further provision for personal cleanliness is imperatively demanded. I hope neither this nor any other remark I may think fit to make will be taken as emanating from a fault-finding spirit, since, while I pronounce upon the disease, I suggest the remedy."

Speaking of his companions, he says:—

"I had expected to find myself linked with a band of most outrageous ruffians, but such did not prove to be the case. Few of them were decidedly of a vicious temperament. The great fault with them seemed to be a want of moral knowledge and principle. Were I to commit a theft I should think myself unworthy to live an instant; but some of them spoke of the felonies for which they were adjudged to suffer with as much *nonchalance* as if they were the every-day business of life, without scruple and without shame. Few of them denied the justice of their sentences; and if they expressed any regret, it was not that they had sinned, but that they had been detected. The duration of the sentence,

the time or money lost, the physical suffering, was what filled their estimate of their condition. Many had groans and oaths for a lost dinner, a night in the cells, or a tough piece of work, but none had a tear for the branding infamy of their conviction. Yet some, even of the most hardened, faltered, and spoke with quivering lip and glistening eye, when they thought of their parents, wives, and children. The flinty Horeb of their souls sometimes yielded gushing streams to the force of that appeal. But there were very few who felt any shame on their own account. Their apathy on the point of honour was amazing. A young man, not twenty-five years old, in particular, made his felonies his glory, and boasted that he had been a tenant of half the prisons in the United States. He was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for stealing a great number of pieces of broadcloth, which he unblushingly told me he had lodged in the hands of a receiver of stolen goods, and expected to receive the value at the expira-

tion of his sentence. He relied on the proverbial "honour among thieves." That fellow ought to be kept in safe custody the remainder of his natural life."

Certainly those remarks do not argue much for the reformation of the culprit.

By his account, a parsimony in every point appears to be the great desideratum aimed at. Speaking of the chaplain to the institution, he says:—

"Small blame to him; I honour and respect the man, though I laugh at the preacher. And I say, that seven hundred and thirty sermons *per annum*, for three hundred dollars and a weekly dinner, are quite pork enough for a shilling. No man goeth a warfare on his own charges, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. I do not see how he can justify such wear and tear of his pulmonary leather, for so small a sum, to his conscience. What is a sixpenny razor or a nine-shilling sermon? Neither can be expected to cut—not but his sermons would be

very good for the use of glorified saints—but, alas! there are none such in the House of Correction. What is the inspiration of a penny-a-liner? I will suppose that one of the hearers is a sailor, who would relish and appreciate a sausage or a lobscouce. Mr. —— sets *blanc mange* before him. Messrs. of the City Government, give your chaplain two thousand dollars a year, so that he may reside in the House of Correction, without leaving his family to starvation; let him visit each individual, learn his circumstances and character, and sympathise with him in all his sorrows, and, my word for it, Mr. —— will have the love and confidence of all. He will be an instrument of great good by his counsel and exhortations. But as for his public preaching, this truly good, pious, and learned man might as well sing psalms to a mad horse. Fishes will not throng to St. Anthony, or swine listen to the exorcism of an apostle, in these godless days. If you think he will be overpaid for his services, you may braze the duty of a school-

master, who is very much needed, to that of a ghostly adviser.

"Mr. —— never fails to pray strenuously that the master and officers may be supported and sustained, which has given rise to the following tin-pot epigram:—

> "Support the master and the overseers,
> O Lord! so runs our chaplain's weekly ditty;
> Unreasonable prayers God never hears,
> He knows that they're supported by the city."

He complains bitterly of the convicts not being permitted the use of any books but the Bible and Temperance Almanac.*

"Is it pleasant to look back on follies, vices, crimes; presently on blasted hopes, iron bars, and unrequited labour; and forward upon misery, starvation, and a world's scorn? In some degree the malice of this regulation, which ought only to be inscribed on the statute-book of hell, is impotent. The small glimpse of earth,

* It is rather strange, but he says that he supposes that a full half of the inmates of this House of Correction can neither *read* nor *write*.

sea, and sky a convict can command, a spider crawling upon the wall, the very corners of his cell, will serve, by a strong effort, for occupation for his thoughts. Read the following tea-pot-graven monologue, written by some mentally suffering-convict, and reflect upon it :—

> " Stone walls and iron bars my frame confine,
> But the full liberty of thought is mine.
> Sad privilege ! the mental glance to cast
> O'er crimes, o'er follies and misconduct past.
> Oh wretched tenant of a guarded cell,
> Thy very freedom makes thy mind a hell.
> Come, blessed death ; thy grinded dart to me,
> Shall the bless'd signal of deliverance be ;
> With thy worst agonies were cheaply bought,
> A last release, a final rest from thought."

" If the pains of a prison be not enough for you, I will teach you a lesson in the art of torture which I learned from our chaplain, or one of his substitutes. ' Make your cells round and smooth ; let there be no prominent point for the eye to rest upon, so that it must necessarily turn inward, and I will warrant that you will soon

have the pleasure of seeing your victim frantic.' Look well to the temperance trash you physic us with, and you will find, in the Almanac for 1837, a serious attempt to make Napoleon Bonaparte out a drunkard, and to prove that a rum-bottle lost him the battle of Waterloo. The author must himself have been drunk when he wrote it. Are you not ashamed, to set such pitiful cant, I will not say such wilful falsehood and slander, before any rational creature! Did you not know that an overcharged gun would knock the musketeer over by its recoil? I do not tell you to give the convicts all and any books they may desire; but pray what harm would an arithmetic do, unless it taught them to refute the statistics of your lying almanac, which gravely advises farmers to feed their hogs with apples, to prevent folks from getting drunk on cider? Why not tell them to feed their cattle with barley and wheat for the same reason? What mind was ever corrupted by Murray's

Grammar, or Washington Irving's Columbus? When was ever falsehood the successful pioneer of truth?"

His remarks upon visitors being permitted to see the convicts are good.

"Among the annoyances, which others as well as myself felt most galling, was the frequent intrusion of visitors, who had no object but the gratification of a morbid curiosity. Know all persons, that the most debased convict has human feelings, and does not like to be seen in a parti-coloured jacket. If ye want to see any convict for any good reason, ask the master to let you meet him in his office; and even there, you may rely upon it, your visit will be painful enough; to be stared at by the ignorant and the mean with feelings of pity, as if one were some monster of Ind, was intolerable. I hope a certain connection of mine, who came to see me unasked and unwelcome, and brought a stranger with him to witness my disgrace, may never feel the pain he inflicted on me. To a kind-hearted

'Mac,' who came in a proper and delicate way to comfort when I thought all the world had forsaken me, I tender my most grateful thanks. His kindness shall be remembered by me while memory holds her seat. Let the throng of uninvited fools who swarmed about us, accept the following sally of the House of Correction muse, from the pen, or rather the fork, of a fellow-convict. It may operate to edification.

'To our Visitors.

'By gazing at us, sirs, pray what do you mean?
Are we the first rascals that ever were seen?
Look into your mirrors—perhaps you may find
All villains are not in South Boston confined.

'I'm not a wild beast, to be seen for a penny;
But a man, as well made and as proper as any;
And what we most differ in is, well I wot,
That I have my merits, and you have them not.

'I own I'm a drunkard; but much I incline
To think that your elbow crooks as often as mine;
Ay, breathe in my face, sir, as much as you will—
One blast of your breath is as good as a gill.

'How kind was our country, to find us a home
Where duns cannot plague us, or enemies come!
And you from the cup of her kindness may strain
A *drop* so sufficing, you'll not drink again.

'And now that by staring with mouth and eyes open,
Ye have bruised the reeds that already were broken;
Go home and, by dint of strict mental inspection,
Let each make his own house a House of Correction.'

"This *morceau* was signed 'INDIGNANS.'"

The following muster-roll of crime, as he terms it, which he obtained from the master of the prison, is curious, as it exemplifies the excess of intemperance in the United States—bearing in mind that this is the *moral* state of Massachusetts.

"The whole number of males committed to this House of Correction from the time it was opened—July 1st, 1833, to Sept. 1st, 1837,—was 1477. Of this number there were common drunkards 783, or more than one-half.

"The whole amount of females committed to this institution from the time it was opened to Sept. 1837, was 869. Of this number there were common drunkards 430, very nearly one-half.

"And of the whole number committed there were—

Natives of Massachusetts	720	England	104
New Hampshire	175	Scotland	38
Maine	130	Ireland	839
Vermont	17	Provinces	69
Rhode Island	35	France	10
Connecticut	28	Spain	2
New York	50	Germany	2
New Jersey	3	Holland	2
Pennsylvania	28	Poland	2
Delaware	6	Denmark	2
Maryland	10	Prussia	1
Virginia	20	Sweden	8
North Carolina	10	West Indies	12
South Carolina	1	Cape de Verds	1
Georgia	5	Island of Malta	1
District Columbia	3	At sea	7
United States	1241	Foreigners	1100
Moral States	1005	Unknown	5
Other States	236	Total	2346

He sums up as follows:—

"I have nearly finished, but I should not do justice to my subject did I omit to advert to the beggarly catch-penny system on which the whole concern is conducted. The convicts raise pork and vegetables in plenty, but they must not eat thereof; these things must be sent to market to balance the debit side of the prison ledger. The

prisoners must catch cold and suffer in the hospital, and the wool and stone shops, because it would cost something to erect comfortable buildings. They must not learn to read and write, lest a cent's-worth of their precious time should be lost to the city. They may die and go to hell, and be damned, for a resident physician and chaplain are expensive articles. They may be dirty; baths would cost money, and so would books. I believe the very Bibles and Almanacks are the donation of the Bible and Temperance Societies. Every thing is managed with an eye to money-making—the comfort or reformation, or salvation, of the prisoners are minor considerations. Whose fault is this?

"The fault, most frugal public, is your own. You like justice, but you do not like to pay for it. You like to see a clean, orderly, well-conducted prison, and, as far as your parsimony will permit, such is the House of Correction. With all its faults, it is still a valuable institution. It holds all, it harms few, and reforms

some. It looks well, for the most has been made of matters. If you would have it perfect you must untie your purse-strings, and you will lose nothing by it in the end."

ARMY.

A STANDING army is so adverse to the institutions, and so offensive to the people of a democracy, that, were it possible, there would be no such thing as American regular troops; but, finding it impossible to do without a portion, they have a force as follows:—

General Staff	13	Four Regiments of Artillery	1,606
Medical Department	76	Seven Regiments of Infantry.....	3,118
Pay ditto	18	Recruits and Unattached	1,418
Purchasing ditto ..	3		
Corps of Engineers	28	Total ..	7,834
Topographical	10		
Ordnance Department	209		
Two Regiments of Dragoons	1,335		

Of which military force the *privates* amount to only 5,652 men.

This is very insufficient, even to distribute among the frontier forts as a check to the Indians

but now that the Florida war has so long occupied the troops, these outposts have been left in a very unprotected state. Isolated as the officers are from the world, (for these forts are far removed from towns or cities,) they contrive to form a society within themselves, having most of them recourse to matrimony, which always gives a man something to do, and acts as a fillip upon his faculties, which might stagnate from such quiet monotony. The society, therefore, at these outposts is small, but very pleasant. All the officers being now educated at West Point, they are mostly very intelligent and well-informed, and soldiers' wives are always agreeable women all over the world. The barracks turn out also a very fair shew of children upon the green sward. The accommodations are, generally speaking, very good, and when supplies can be received, the living is equally so; when they cannot, it can't be helped, and there is so much money saved. A suttler's store is attached to each outpost, and the prices of the articles

are regulated by a committee of officers, and a tax is also levied upon the suttler in proportion to the number of men in the garrison, the proceeds of which are appropriated to the education of the children of the soldiers and the provision of a library and news-room. If the Government were to permit officers to remain at any one station for a certain period, much more would be done; but the Government is continually shifting them from post to post, and no one will take the trouble to sow when he has no chance of reaping the harvest. Indeed, many of the officers complained that they hardly had time to furnish their apartments in one fort when they were ordered off to another—not only a great inconvenience to them, but a great expense also.

The American army is not a favourite service, and this is not to be wondered at. It is ill-treated in every way; the people have a great dislike to them, which is natural enough in a Democracy; but what is worse, to curry favour with the people, the Government very often do

not support the officers in the execution of their duty. Their furloughs are very limited, and they have their choice of the outposts, where they live out of the world, or the Florida war, when they go out of it. But the greatest injustice is, that they have no half-pay: if not wishing to be employed, they must resign their commissions and live as they can. In this point there is a great partiality shewn to the navy, who have such excellent half-pay, although, to prevent remarks at such glaring injustice to the other service, another term is given to the naval half-pay, and the naval officers are supposed to be always on service.

The officers of the army are paid a certain sum, and allowed a certain number of rations per month; for instance, a major-general has two hundred dollars per month, and fifteen rations. According to the estimated value of the rations, as given to me by one of the officers, the annual pay of the different grades will be, in our money, nearly as follows:—

Army.	£.	*Navy.*	£.
Major-General.....	850		
Brigadier-General ..	570	Same rank	960
Colonel	340	Do.	830
Lieutenant-Colonel..	280		
Major	225	Do.	525
Captain.....	200	Do.	380
First Lieutenant	150		
Second Lieutenant ..	140		
Cadet.....	90	Do.	156

The cavalry officers have a slight increase of pay.

The privates of the American regular army are not the most creditable soldiers in the world; they are chiefly composed of Irish emigrants, Germans, and deserters from the English regiments in Canada. Americans are very rare; only those who can find nothing else to do, and have to choose between enlistment and starvation, will enter into the American army. They do not, however, enlist for longer than three years. There is not much discipline, and occasionally a great deal of insolence, as might be expected from such a collection. Corporal punishment has been abolished in the American army except for desertion; and if ever there was a proof of

the necessity of punishment to enforce discipline, it is the many substitutes in lieu of it, to which the officers are compelled to resort—all of them more severe than flogging. The most common is that of loading a man with thirty-six pounds of shot in his knapsack, and making him walk three hours out of four, day and night without intermission, with this weight on his shoulders, for six days and six nights; that is, he is compelled to walk three hours with the weight, and then is suffered to sit down *one*. Towards the close this punishment becomes very severe; the feet of the men are so sore and swelled, that they cannot move for some days afterwards. I enquired what would be the consequence if a man were to throw down his knapsack and refuse to walk. The commanding-officer of one of the forts replied, that he would be hung up by his thumbs till he fainted—a variety of piquetting. Surely these punishments savour quite as much of severity, and are quite as degrading as flogging.

The pay of an American private is good—fourteen dollars a month, out of which his rations and regimentals take eight dollars, leaving him six dollars a month for pleasure. Deserters are punished by being made to drag a heavy ball and chain after them, which is never removed day or night. If discharged, they are flogged, their heads shaved, and they are drummed out at the point of the bayonet.

From the conversations I have had with many deserters from our army, who were residing in the United States or were in the American service, I am convinced that it would a very well-judged measure to offer a free pardon to all those who would return to Canada and re-enter the English service. I think that a good effective regiment would soon be collected, and one that you might trust on the frontiers without any fear of their deserting again; and it would have another good effect, which is, that their statements would prevent the desertion of others.

America, and its supposed freedom, is, to the British soldiers, an Utopia in every sense of the word. They revel in the idea; they seek it, and it is not to be found. The greatest desertion from the English regiments is among the musicians composing the bands. There are so many theatres in America, and so few musicians, except coloured people, that instrumental performers of all kinds are in great demand. People are sent over to Canada, and the other British provinces, to persuade these poor fellows to desert, promising them very large salaries, and pointing out to them the difference between being a gentleman in America and a slave in the English service. The temptation is too strong; they desert; and when they arrive, they soon learn the value of the promises made to them, and find how cruelly they have been deceived.

The Florida war has been a source of dreadful vexation and expense to the United States, having already cost them between 20,000,000 and

30,000,000 of dollars, without any apparent prospect of its coming to a satisfactory conclusion. The American government has also very much injured its character, by the treachery and disregard of honour shown by it to the Indians, who have been, most of them, captured under a flag of truce. I have heard so much indignation expressed by the Americans themselves at this conduct that I shall not comment further upon it. It is the Federal Government, and not the officers employed, who must bear the *onus*. But this war has been mortifying, and even dangerous to the Americans in another point. It has now lasted three years and more. General after general has been superseded, because they have not been able to bring it to a conclusion; and the Indians have proved, to themselves and to the Americans, that they can defy them when they once get them among the swamps and morasses. There has not been one hundred Indians killed, although many of them have

been treacherously kidnapped, by a violation of honour; and it is supposed that the United States have already lost one thousand men, if not more, in this protracted conflict.

The aggregate force under General Jessop, in Florida, in November 1837, was stated to be as follows:—

Regulars	4,637
Volunteers	4,078
Seamen	100
Indians	178
	8,893

It is supposed that the number of Indians remaining in Florida do not amount, men, women, and children, to more than 1,500; and General Jessop has declared to the government that the war is *impracticable.*

MILITIA.—The return of the militia of the United States, for the year 1837, is as follows:—

The Number of MILITIA in the several States and Territories, according to the statement of George Bomford, Colonel of Ordnance, dated 20th Nov. 1837.

States and Territories.	Date of Return.	Number of Militia.
Maine	1836	42,468
N. Hampshire	1836	27,473
Massachusetts	1836	44,911
Louisiana	1830	14,808
Mississippi	1830	13,724
Tennessee	1830	60,982
Vermont	1824	25,581
Rhode Island	1832	1,377
Connecticut	1836	23,826
New York	1836	184,728
New Jersey	1829	39,171
Pennsylvania	1834	202,281
Delaware	1827	9,229
Maryland	1836	46,854
Virginia	1836	101,838
N. Carolina	1835	64,415
S. Carolina	1833	51,112
Georgia	1834	48,461
Alabama	1829	14,892
Kentucky	1836	71,483
Ohio	1836	146,428
Indiana	1833	53,913
Illinois	1831	27,386
Missouri	1835	6,170
Arkansas	1825	2,028
Michigan	1831	5,478
Florida Ter.	1831	827
Wisconsin Ter.	none	—
D. of Columbia	1832	1,249
		1,333,091

This is an enormous force, but at the commencement of a war not a very effective one. In fact, there is no country in the world so defenceless and so unprepared for war as the United States, but, once roused up, no country more formidable if any attempt is made to invade its territories. At the outbreak of a war, the States have almost everything to provide; and although the Americans are well adapted as materials for soldiers, still they have to be levied and disciplined. At the commencement of hostilities, it is not improbable that a well-organized force of 30,000 men might walk through the whole of the Union, from Maine to Georgia; but it is almost certain that not one man would ever get back again, as by that time the people would have been roused and excited, armed and sufficiently disciplined; and their numbers, independent of their bravery, would overwhelm three or four times the number I have mentioned.

Another point must not pass unnoticed, which

is, that in America, the major part of which is still an uncleared country, the system of warfare naturally partakes much of the Indian practices of surprise and ambuscade; and the invaders will always have to labour under the great disadvantage of the Americans having that perfect knowledge of the country which the former have not.

Most of the defeats of the British troops have been occasioned by this advantage on the part of the Americans, added to the impracticability of the country rendering the superior discipline of the British of no avail. Indeed the great advantages of knowing the country were proved by the American attempts to invade Canada during the last war, and which ended in the capitulation of General Hull. In an uncleared country, even where large forces meet, each man, to a certain degree, acts independently, taking his position, perhaps, behind a tree (treeing it, as they term it in America), or any other defence which may

offer. Now, it is evident that, skilled as all the Americans are in fire-arms, and generally using rifles, a disciplined English soldier, with his clumsy musket, fights at a disadvantage; and, therefore, with due submission to his Grace, the Duke of Wellington was very wrong when he stated, the other day in the House of Lords, that the militia of Canada should be disbanded, and their place supplied by regular troops from England. The militia of Upper Canada are quite as good men as the Americans, and can meet them after their own fashion. A certain proportion of regulars are advantageous, as they are more steady, and in case of a check can be more depended upon; but it is not once in five times that they will, either in America or Canada, be able to bring their concentrated discipline into play. But if the Americans have not the discipline of our troops, their courage is undoubted, and even upon a clear plain the palm of victory will always be severely disputed. A

Vermonter, surprised for a moment at finding himself in a charge of bayonets with the English troops, eyed his opponents, and said, "Well, I calculate my piece of iron is as good as *yourn*, anyhow," and then rushed to the attack. People who "calculate" in that way are not to be trifled with, as the annals of history fully demonstrate.

A war between America and England is always to be deprecated. Notwithstanding that the countries are severed, still the Americans are our descendants; they speak the same language, and (although they do not readily admit it) still look up to us as their mother country. It is true that this feeling is fast wearing away, but still it is not yet effaced. It is true also that, in their ambition and their covetousness, they would destroy the mutual advantages derived by both countries from our commercial relations, that they might, by manufacturing as well as producing, secure the whole profits to them-

selves. But they are wrong; for, great as America is becoming, the time is not yet arrived when she can compete with English capital, or work for herself without it. But there is another reason why a war between the two countries is so much to be deprecated, which is, that it must ever be a cruel and an irritating war. To attack the Americans by invasion will always be hazardous, and must ultimately prove disastrous. In what manner, then, is England to avenge any aggression that may be committed by the Americans? All she can do is to ravage, burn, and destroy; to carry the horrors of war along their whole extended line of coast, distressing the non-combatants, and wreaking vengeance upon the defenceless.

Dreadful to contemplate as this is, and even more dreadful the system of stimulating the Indian tribes to join us, adding scalping, and the murdering of women and children, to other horrors, still it is the only method to which

England could resort, and, indeed, a method to which she would be warranted to resort, in her own behoof. Moreover, in case of a future war, England must not allow it to be of such short duration as was the last; the Americans must be made to feel it, by its being protracted until their commerce is totally annihilated, and their expenses are increased in proportion with the decrease of their means.

Let it not be supposed that England would harass the coasts of America, or raise the Indian tribes against her, from any feeling of malevolence, or any pleasure in the sufferings which must ensue. It would be from the knowledge of the fact that money is the sinews of war; and consequently that, by obliging the Americans to call out so large a force as she must do to defend her coast and to repel the Indians, she would be put to such an enormous expense, as would be severely felt throughout the Union, and soon incline all parties to a cessation of

hostilities. It is to touch their pockets that this plan must and *will* be resorted to; and a war carried on upon that plan alone, would prove a salutary lesson to a young and too ambitious a people. Let the Americans recollect the madness of joy with which the hats and caps were thrown up in the air at New York, when, even after so short a war with England, they heard that the treaty of peace had been concluded; and that too at a time when England was so occupied in a contest, it may be said, with the whole world, that she could hardly divert a portion of her strength to act against America: then let them reflect how sanguinary, how injurious, a protracted war with England would be, when she could direct her whole force against them. It is, however, useless to ask a people to reflect who are governed and ruled by the portion who will *not* reflect. The forbearance must be on our part; and, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped

that we shall be magnanimous enough to forbear, for so long as may be consistent with the maintenance of our national honour.

END OF VOL. II.

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